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NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

THE dreamy night draws nigh;
Soft delicious airs breathe of mingled flowers,
And on the wings of slumber creep the hours.

The moon is high;
See yonder tiny cot,
The lattice decked with vines—a tremulous ray
Steals out to where the silver moonbeams lay,
Yet pales them not!

Within, two holy eyes,
Two little hands clasped softly, and a brow
Where thought sits busy, weaving garlands now
Of joys and sighs

For the swift-coming years.
Two rosy lips with innocent worship part;
List! be thou—saint or sceptic, if thou art,

Thou must have ears:
"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Doth it not noiseless ope
The very floodgates of thy heart, and make
A better man of thee for her sweet sake,

Who with strong hope,
Her sweet task ne'er forgot
To whisper, "Now I lay me," o'er and o'er?
And thou didst kneel upon the sanded floor—
Forget them not!

From many a festive hall
Where flashing light and flashing glances vie,
And robed in splendor, mirth makes revelry—
Soft voices call

On the light-hearted throngs
To sweep the harp-strings, and to join the dance.
The careless girl starts lightly, as, perchance,
Amid the songs,

The merry laugh, the jest,
Come to her vision songs of long ago,
When by her snowy couch she murmured low,
Before her rest,

That single infant's prayer.
Once more at home she lays her jewels by,
Throws back the curls that shade her heavy eye,
And kneeling there,

With quivering lip and sigh,
Takes from her fingers white the sparkling rings,
The golden coronet from her brow, and flings
The baubles by;

Nor doth she thoughtless dare
To seek her rest, till she hath asked of Heaven
That all her sins through Christ may be forgiven,

Then comes the prayer:
"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

The warrior on the field,
After the battle, pillowing his head

Perhaps upon a fallen comrade dead,
Scorns not to yield

To the sweet memories of his childhood's hour,
When fame was bartered for a crimson flower.

The statesman gray,
His massive brow all hung with laurel leaves;
Forgets his honors while his memory weaves
A picture of that home, mid woods and streams,
Where hoary mountains caught the sun's first
beams,

A cabin rude—the wide fields glistening,
The cattle yoked, and mutely listening,
The farmer's toil, the farmer's fare, and best
Of earthly luxuries, the farmer's rest;
But hark! a soft voice steals upon his heart:

"Now say your prayer, my son, before we
part;"

And, clasping his great hands—a child once
more,

Upon his breast, forgetting life's long war—

Thus hear him pray:
"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

BUCKLE'S BELIEF.

THIS is the creed—let no man chuckle—
Of the great thinker Henry Buckle:

"I believe in fire and water,
And in fate, dame Nature's daughter;
Consciousness I set aside—

The dissecting-knife's my guide,
I believe in steam and rice,
Not in virtue nor in vice;

In what strikes the outward sense,
Not in mind or Providence;
In a stated course of crimes,
In Macaulay and the *Times*.

As for truth, the ancients lost her—
Plato was a great imposter.

Morals are a vain illusion,
Leading only to confusion,
Not in Latin nor in Greek

Let us for instruction seek;
Let us study snakes and flies,
And on fossils fix our eyes.

Would we learn what we should do,
Let us watch the kangaroo;

Would we know the mental march,
It depends on dates and starch.

I believe in all the gasses
As a means to raise the masses.

Carbon animates ambition,
Oxygen controls volition;

Whate'er is good or great in men
May be traced to hydrogen;

And the body, not the soul,
Governs the unfettered whole."

From The National Review.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Cheap Edition of the Works of Mr. Charles Dickens. The Pickwick Papers, Nicholas Nickleby, &c. London, 1857-8. Chapman and Hall.

It must give Mr. Dickens much pleasure to look at the collected series of his writings. He has told us of the beginnings of *Pickwick*. "I was," he relates in what is now the preface to that work, "a young man of three-and-twenty, when the present publishers, attracted by some pieces I was at that time writing in the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper (of which one series had lately been collected and published in two volumes, illustrated by my esteemed friend Mr. George Cruikshank), waited upon me to propose a something that should be published in shilling numbers—then only known to me, or I believe to anybody else, by a dim recollection of certain interminable novels in that form, which used some five-and-twenty years ago, to be carried about the country by peddlers, and over some of which I remember to have shed innumerable tears, before I served my apprenticeship to Life. When I opened my door in Furnival's Inn to the managing partner who represented the firm, I recognized in him the person from whose hands I had bought, two or three years previously, and whom I had never seen before or since, my first copy of the magazine in which my first effusion—dropped stealthily one evening at twilight, with fear and trembling, into a dark letter-box, in a dark office, up a dark court in Fleet Street—appeared in all the glory of print; on which occasion, by the by,—how well I recollect it!—I walked down to Westminster Hall, and turned into it for half-an-hour, because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride, that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there. I told my visitor of the coincidence, which we both hailed as a good omen; and so fell to business."

After such a beginning, there must be great enjoyment in looking at the long series of closely printed green volumes, in remembering their marvellous popularity, in knowing that they are a familiar literature wherever the English language is spoken,—that they are read with admiring appreciation by persons of the highest culture at the centre of civilization,—that they amuse, and are fit to amuse, the roughest settler in Vancouver's island.

The penetrating power of this remarkable genius among all classes at home is not inferior to its diffusive energy abroad. The phrase "household book" has, when applied to the works of Mr. Dickens, a peculiar propriety. There is no contemporary English writer, whose works are read so generally through the whole house, who can give pleasure to the servants as well as to the mistress, to the children as well as to the master. Mr. Thackeray without doubt exercises a more potent and plastic fascination within his sphere, but that sphere is limited. It is restricted to that part of the middle class which gazes inquisitively at the "Vanity Fair" world. The delicate touches of our great satirist have for such readers, not only the charm of wit, but likewise the interest of valuable information; he tells them of the topics which they want to know. But below this class there is another and far larger, which is incapable of comprehending the idling world, or of appreciating the accuracy of delineations drawn from it,—which would not know the difference between a picture of Grosvenor Square by Mr. Thackeray and the picture of it in a Minerva-Press novel,—which only cares for or knows of its own multifarious, industrial, fig-selling world,—and over these also Mr. Dickens has power.

It cannot be amiss to take this opportunity of investigating, even slightly, the causes of so great a popularity. And if, in the course of our article, we may seem to be ready with over-refining criticism, or to be unduly captious with theoretical objection, we hope not to forget that so great and so diffused an influence is a *datum* for literary investigation,—that books which have been thus *tried* upon mankind and have thus succeeded, must be books of immense genius,—and that it is our duty as critics to explain, as far as we can, the nature and the limits of that genius, but never for one moment to deny or question its existence.

Men of genius may be divided into regular and irregular. Certain minds, the moment we think of them, suggest to us the ideas of symmetry and proportion. Plato's name, for example, calls up at once the impression of something ordered, measured, and settled: it is the exact contrary of every thing eccentric, immature, or undeveloped. The opinions of such a mind are often erroneous, and some of them may, from change of time, of

intellectual *data*, or from chance, seem not to be quite worthy of it; but the mode in which those opinions are expressed, and (as far as we can make it out) the mode in which they are framed, affect us, as we have said, with a sensation of symmetricalness. It is not very easy to define exactly to what peculiar internal characteristic this external effect is due: the feeling is distinct, but the cause is obscure; it lies hid in the peculiar constitution of great minds, and we should not wonder that it is not very easy either to conceive or to describe. On the whole, however, the effect seems to be produced by a peculiar proportionateness, in each instance, of the mind to the tasks which it undertakes, amid which we see it, and by which we measure it. Thus we feel that the powers and tendencies of Plato's mind and nature were more fit than those of any other philosopher for the due consideration and exposition of the highest problems of philosophy, of the doubts and difficulties which concern man as man. His genius was measured to its element; any change would mar the delicacy of the thought or the polished accuracy of the expression. The weapon was fitted to its aim. Every instance of proportionateness does not, however, lead us to attribute this peculiar symmetry to the whole mind we are observing. The powers must not only be suited to the task undertaken, but the task itself must also be suited to a human being, and employ all the marvellous faculties with which he is endowed. The neat perfection of such a mind as Talleyrand's is the antithesis to the symmetry of genius; the niceties neither of diplomacy nor of conversation give scope to the entire powers of a great nature. We may lay down as the condition of a regular or symmetrical genius, that it should have the exact combination of powers suited to graceful and easy success in an exercise of mind great enough to task the whole intellectual nature.

On the other hand, men of irregular or unsymmetrical genius are eminent either for some one or some few peculiarities of mind, have possibly special defects on other sides of their intellectual nature, at any rate want what the scientific men of the present day would call the *definite proportion* of faculties and qualities suited to the exact work they have in hand. The foundation of many criticisms of Shakspeare is that he is deficient in

this peculiar proportion. His overteeming imagination gives at times, and not unfrequently, a great feeling of irregularity: there seems to be confusion. We have the tall trees of the forest, the majestic creations of the highest genius; but we have, besides, a bushy second growth, an obtrusion of secondary images and fancies, which prevent our taking an exact measure of such grandeur. We have not the sensation of intense simplicity, which must probably accompany the highest conceivable greatness. Such is also the basis of Mr. Hallam's criticism on Shakspeare's language, which Mr. Arnold has lately revived. "His expression is often faulty," because his illustrative imagination somewhat predominating over his other faculties, diffuses about the main expression a supplement of minor metaphors which sometimes distract the comprehension, and almost always deprive his style of the charm that arises from undeviating directness. Doubtless this is an instance of the very highest kind of irregular genius, in which all the powers exist in the mind in a very high, and almost all of them in the very highest measure, but in which from a slight excess in a single one, the charm of proportion is lessened. The most ordinary cases of irregular genius are those in which single faculties are abnormally developed, and call off the attention from all the rest of the mind by their prominence and activity. Literature, as the "fragment of fragments," is so full of the fragments of such minds that it is needless to specify instances.

Possibly it may be laid down that one of two elements is essential to a symmetrical mind. It is evident that such a mind must either apply itself to that which is theoretical or that which is practical, to the world of abstraction or to the world of objects and realities. In the former case the deductive understanding, which masters first principles, and makes deductions from them, the thin ether of the intellect,—the "mind itself by itself"—must evidently assume a great prominence. To attempt to comprehend principles without it, is to try to swim without arms, or to fly without wings. Accordingly, in the mind of Plato, and in others like him, the abstract and deducing understanding fills a great place; the imagination seems a kind of eye to deary its data; the artistic instinct an arranging impulse, which sets in order its

inferences and conclusions. On the other hand, if a symmetrical mind busy itself with the active side of human life, with the world of concrete men and real things, its principal quality will be a practical sagacity, which forms with ease a distinct view and just appreciation of all the mingled objects that the world presents,—which allots to each its own place, and its intrinsic and appropriate rank. Possibly no mind gives such an idea of this sort of symmetry as Chaucer's. Every thing in it seems in its place. A healthy, sagacious man of the world has gone through the world; he loves it, and knows it; he dwells on it with a fond appreciation: every object of the old life of "merry England" seems to fall into its precise niche in his ordered and symmetrical comprehension. The *Prologue to the Canterbury Tales* is in itself a series of memorial tablets to mediæval society; each class has its tomb, and each its apt inscription. A man without such an apprehensive and broad sagacity must fail in every extensive delineation of various life; he might attempt to describe what he did not penetrate, or if by a rare discretion he avoided that mistake, his works would want the *binding element*; he would be deficient in that distinct sense of relation and combination which is necessary for the depiction of the whole of life, which gives to it unity at first, and imparts to it a mass in the memory ever afterwards. And eminence in one or other of these marking faculties,—either in the deductive abstract intellect, or the practical seeing sagacity,—seems essential to the mental constitution of a symmetrical genius, at least in man. There are, after all, but two principal, all-important spheres in human life—thought and action; and we can hardly conceive of a masculine mind symmetrically developed, which did not evince its symmetry by an evident perfection in one or other of those pursuits, which did not leave the trace of its distinct reflection upon the one, or, of its large insight, upon the other of them. Possibly it may be thought that in the sphere of pure art there may be room for a symmetrical development different from these; but it will perhaps be found, on examination of such cases, either that under peculiar and appropriate disguises one of these great qualities is present, or that the apparent symmetry is the narrow perfection of a limited nature, which may be most excellent in itself, as in the

stricter form of sacred art, but which, as we explained, is quite opposed to that broad perfection of the thinking being to which we have applied the name of the symmetry of genius.

If this classification of men of genius be admitted, there can be no hesitation in assigning to Mr. Dickens his place in it. His genius is essentially irregular and unsymmetrical. Hardly any English writer perhaps is much more so. His style is an example of it. It is descriptive, racy, and flowing; it is instinct with new imagery and singular illustration; but it does not indicate that due proportion of the faculties to one another which is a beauty in itself, and which cannot help diffusing beauty over every happy word and moulded clause. We may choose an illustration at random. The following graphic description will do:

"If Lord George Gordon had appeared in the eyes of Mr. Willet, overnight, a nobleman of somewhat quaint and odd exterior, the impression was confirmed this morning, and increased a hundred fold. Sitting bolt upright upon his bony steed, with his long, straight hair, dangling about his face and fluttering in the wind; his limbs all angular and rigid, his elbows stuck out on either side ungracefully, and his whole frame jogged and shaken at every motion of his horse's feet; a more grotesque or more ungainly figure can hardly be conceived. In lieu of whip, he carried in his hand a great gold-headed cane, as large as any footman carries in these days, and his various modes of holding this unwieldy weapon—now upright before his face like the sabre of a horse-soldier, now over his shoulder like a musket, now between his finger and thumb, but always in some uncouth and awkward fashion—contributed in no small degree to the absurdity of his appearance. Stiff, lank, and solemn, dressed in an unusual manner, and ostentatiously exhibiting—whether by design or accident—all his peculiarities of carriage, gesture, and conduct: all the qualities, natural and artificial, in which he differed from other men; he might have moved the sternest looker-on to laughter, and fully provoked the smiles and whispered jests which greeted his departure from the Maypole inn.

"Quite unconscious, however, of the effect he produced, he trotted on beside his secretary, talking to himself nearly all the way, until they came within a mile or two of London, when now and then some passenger went by who knew him by sight, and pointed him out to some one else, and perhaps stood looking after him, or cried in jest or earnest as it

might be, 'Hurrah, Georgie! No Popery!' At which he would gravely pull off his hat, and bow. When they reached the town and rode along the streets, these notices became more frequent; some laughed, some hissed, some turned their heads and smiled, some wondered who he was, some ran along the pavement by his side and cheered. When this happened in a crush of carts and chairs and coaches, he would make a dead stop, and pulling off his hat, cry, 'Gentlemen, No Popery!' to which the gentlemen would respond with lusty voices, and with three times three; and then, on he would go again with a score or so of the raggedest, following at his horse's heels and shouting till their throats were parched.

"The old ladies too—there were a great many old ladies in the streets, and these all knew him. Some of them—not those of the highest rank, but such as sold fruit from baskets and carried burdens—clapped their shrivelled hands, and raised a weazen, piping, shrill 'Hurrah, my lord.' Others waved their hands or handkerchiefs, or shook their fans or parasols, or threw up windows, and called in haste to those within, to come and see. All these marks of popular esteem he received with profound gravity and respect; bowing very low, and so frequently that his hat was more off his head than on; and looking up at the houses as he passed along, with the air of one who was making a public entry, and yet not puffed-up or proud."

No one would think of citing such a passage as this, as exemplifying the proportioned beauty of finished writing; it is not the writing of an evenly developed or of a highly cultured mind; it abounds in jolts and odd turns; it is full of singular twists and needless complexities: but, on the other hand, no one can deny its great and peculiar merit. It is an odd style, and it is very odd how much you read it. It is the overflow of a copious mind, though not the chastened expression of an harmonious one.

The same quality characterizes the matter of his works. His range is very varied. He has attempted to describe every kind of scene in English life, from quite the lowest to almost the highest. He has not endeavored to secure success by confining himself to a single path, nor wearied the public with repetitions of the subjects by the delineation of which he originally obtained fame. In his earlier works he never writes long without saying something well; something which no other man would have said; but even in them it is the characteristic of his power that it is

apt to fail him at once; from masterly strength we pass without interval to almost infantine weakness,—something like disgust succeeds in a moment to an extreme admiration. Such is the natural fate of an unequal mind employing itself on a vast and various subject. On a recent occasion we ventured to make a division of novels into the ubiquitous,—it would have been perhaps better to say the miscellaneous,—and the sentimental: the first, as its name implies, busying itself with the whole of human life, the second restricting itself with a peculiar and limited theme. Mr. Dickens's novels are all of the former class. They aim to delineate nearly all that part of our national life which can be delineated,—at least, within the limits which social morality prescribes to social art; but you cannot read his delineation of any part without being struck with its singular incompleteness. An artist once said of the best work of another artist, "Yes it is a pretty patch." If we might venture on the phrase, we should say that Mr. Dickens's pictures were graphic scraps; his best books are compilations of them.

The truth is that Mr. Dickens wholly wants the two elements which we have spoken of as one or other requisite for a symmetrical genius. He is utterly deficient in the faculty of reasoning. "Mamma, what shall I think about?" said the small girl. "My dear, don't think," was the old-fashioned reply. We do not allege that in the strict theory of education this was a correct reply; modern writers think otherwise; but we wish some one would say it to Mr. Dickens. He is often troubled with the idea that he must reflect, and his reflections are perhaps the worst reading in the world. There is a sentimental confusion about them; we never find the consecutive precision of mature theory, or the cold distinctness of clear thought. Vivid facts stand out in his imagination; and a fresh illustrative style brings them home to the imagination of his readers; but his continuous philosophy utterly fails in the attempt to harmonize them,—to educe a theory or elaborate a precept from them. Of his social thinking we shall have a few words to say in detail; his didactic humor is very unfortunate: no writer is less fitted for an excursion to the imperative mood. At present, we only say, what is so obvious as scarcely to need saying, that his abstract understanding is so far

inferior to his picturesque imagination as to give even to his best works the sense of jar and incompleteness, and to deprive them altogether of the crystalline finish which is characteristic of the clear and cultured understanding.

Nor has Mr. Dickens the easy and various sagacity which, as has been said, gives a unity to all which it touches. He has, indeed, a quality which is near allied to it in appearance. His shrewdness in some things, especially in traits and small things, is wonderful. His works are full of acute remarks on petty doings, and well exemplify the telling power of minute circumstantiality. But the minor species of perceptive sharpness is so different from diffused sagacity, that the two scarcely ever are to be found in the same mind. There is nothing less like the great lawyer, acquainted with broad principles and applying them with distinct deduction, than the attorney's clerk who catches at small points like a dog biting at flies. "Over-sharpness" in the student is the most unpromising symptom of the logical jurist. You must not ask a horse in blinkers for a large view of a landscape. In the same way, a detective ingenuity in microscopic detail is of all mental qualities most unlike the broad sagacity by which the great painters of human affairs have unintentionally stamped the mark of unity on their productions. They show by their treatment of each case that they understand the whole of life; the special delineator of fragments and points shows that he understands them only. In one respect the defect is more striking in Mr. Dickens than in any other novelist of the present day. The most remarkable deficiency in modern fiction is its omission of the business of life; of all those countless occupations, pursuits, and callings in which most men live and move, and by which they have their being. In most novels money grows. You have no idea of the toil, the patience, and the wearing anxiety by which men of action provide for the day, and lay up for the future, and support those that are given into their care. Mr. Dickens is not chargeable with this omission. He perpetually deals with the pecuniary part of life. Almost all his characters have determined occupations, of which he is apt to talk even at too much length. When he rises from the toiling to the luxurious classes, his genius in most cases deserts him. The delicate refinement and discriminating

taste of the idling orders are not in his way; he knows the dry arches of London Bridge better than Belgravia. He excels in inventories of poor furniture, and is learned in pawl brokers' tickets. But, although his creative power lives and works among the middle class and industrial section of English society, he has never painted the highest part of their daily intellectual life. He made, indeed, an attempt to paint specimens of the apt and able man of business in *Nicholas Nickleby*; but the Messrs. Cheeryble are among the stupidest of his characters. He forgot that breadth of platitude is rather different from breadth of sagacity. His delineations of middle-class life have in consequence a harshness and meanness which do not belong to that life in reality. He omits the relieving element. He describes the figs which are sold, but not the talent which sells figs well. And it is the same want of the diffused sagacity in his own nature which has made his pictures of life so odd and disjointed, and which has deprived them of symmetry and unity.

The *bizarrie* of Mr. Dickens's genius is rendered more remarkable by the inordinate measure of his special excellencies. The first of these is his power of observation in detail. We have heard,—we do not know whether correctly or incorrectly,—that he can go down a crowded street, and tell you all that is in it, what each shop was, what the grocer's name was, how many scraps of orange-peel there were on the pavement. His works give you exactly the same idea. The amount of detail which there is in them is something amazing,—to an ordinary writer something incredible. There are pages containing telling minutiae which other people would have thought enough for a volume. Nor is his sensibility to external objects, though omnivorous, insensible to the artistic effect of each. There are scarcely anywhere such pictures of London as he draws. No writer has equally comprehended the artistic material which is given by its extent, its congregation of different elements, its mouldiness, its brilliancy.

Nor does his genius, though, from some idiosyncrasy of mind or accident of external situation, it is more especially directed to city life, at all stop at the city-wall. He is especially at home in the picturesque and obvious parts of country life, particularly in the comfortable and (so to say) mouldering portion of it. The following is an instance; if not

the best that could be cited, still one of the best:—

"They arranged to proceed upon their journey next evening, as a stage-wagon, which travelled for some distance on the same road as they must take, would stop at the inn to change horses, and the driver for a small gratuity would give Nell a place inside. A bargain was soon struck when the wagon came; and in due time it rolled away; with the child comfortably bestowed among the softer packages, her grandfather and the schoolmaster walking on beside the driver, and the landlady and all the good folks of the inn screaming out their good wishes and farewells.

"What a soothing, luxurious, drowsy way of travelling, to lie inside that slowly-moving mountain, listening to the tinkling of the horses' bells, the occasional smacking of the carter's whip, the smooth rolling of the great broad wheels, the rattle of the harness, the cheery good-nights of passing travellers jogging past on little short-stepped horses—all made pleasantly indistinct by the thick awning, which seemed made for lazy listening under, till one fell asleep! The very going to sleep, still with an indistinct idea, as the head jogged to and fro upon the pillow, of moving onward with no trouble or fatigue, and hearing all these sounds like dreamy music, lulling to the senses—and the slow waking up, and finding one's self staring out through the breezy curtain half-opened in the front, far up into the cold bright sky with its countless stars, and downward at the driver's lantern dancing on like its namesake Jack of the swamps and marshes, and sideways at the dark grim trees, and forward at the long bare road rising up, up, up, until it stopped abruptly at a sharp, high ridge as if there were no more road, and all beyond was sky—and the stopping at the inn to bait, and being helped out, and going into a room with fire and candles, and winking very much, and being agreeably reminded that the night was cold, and anxious for very comfort's sake to think it colder than it was!—What a delicious journey was that journey in the wagon!

"Then the going on again—so fresh at first, and shortly afterwards so sleepy. The waking from a sound nap as the mail came dashing past, like a highway comet, with gleaming lamps and rattling hoofs, and visions of a guard behind, standing up to keep his feet warm, and of a gentleman in a fur cap opening his eyes and looking wild and stupefied—the stopping at the turnpike, where the man was gone to bed, and knocking at the door until he answered with a smothered shout from under the bed-clothes in the little room above, where the faint light was burn-

ing, and presently came down, night-capped and shivering, to throw the gate wide open and wish all wagons off the road except by day. The cold, sharp interval between night and morning—the distant streak of light widening and spreading, and turning from gray to white, and from white to yellow, and from yellow to burning red—the presence of day, with all its cheerfulness and life—men and horses at the plough—birds in the trees and hedges, and boys in solitary fields frightening them away with rattles. The coming to a town—people busy in the market; light carts and chaises round the tavern yard; tradesmen standing at their doors; men running horses up and down the streets for sale; pigs plunging and grunting in the dirty distance, getting off with long strings at their legs, running into clean chemists' shops and being dislodged with brooms by 'prentices; the night-coach changing horses—the passengers cheerless, cold, ugly, and discontented, with three months' growth of hair in one night—the coachman fresh as from a band-box, and exquisitely beautiful by contrast:—so much bustle, so many things in motion, such a variety of incidents—when was there a journey with so many delights as that journey in the wagon!"

Or, as a relief from a very painful series of accompanying characters; it is pleasant to read and remember the description of the fine morning on which Mr. Jonas Chuzzlewit does not reflect. Mr. Dickens has, however, no feeling analogous to the nature-worship of some other recent writers. There is nothing Wordsworthian in his bent; the interpreting inspiration (as that school speak) is not his. Nor has he the erudition in difficult names which has filled some pages in late novelists with mineralogy and botany. His descriptions of nature are fresh and superficial; they are not sermonic or scientific.

Nevertheless, it may be said that Mr. Dickens's genius is especially suited to the delineation of city life. London is like a newspaper. Every thing is there, and every thing is disconnected. There is every kind of person in some houses; but there is no more connection between the houses than between the neighbors in the lists of "births, marriages, and deaths." As we change from the broad leader to the squalid police-report, we pass a corner and we are in a changed world. This is advantageous to Mr. Dickens's genius. His memory is full of instances of old buildings and curious people, and he does not care to piece them together. On the

contrary, each scene, to his mind, is a separate scene,—each street a separate street. He has, too, the peculiar alertness of observation that is observable in those who live by it. He describes London like a special correspondent for posterity.

A second most wonderful special faculty which Mr. Dickens possesses is what we may call his *vivification* of character, or rather of characteristics. His marvellous power of observation has been exercised upon men and women even more than upon town or country; and the store of human detail, so to speak, in his books is endless and enormous. The boots at the inn, the pickpockets in the street, the undertaker, the Mrs. Gamp, are all of them at his disposal; he knows each trait and incident, and he invests them with a kind of perfection in detail which in reality they do not possess. He has a very peculiar power of taking hold of some particular traits, and making a character out of them. He is especially apt to incarnate particular professions in this way. Many of his people never speak without some allusion to their occupation. You cannot separate them from it. Nor does the writer ever separate them. What would Mr. Mould be if not an undertaker? or Mrs. Gamp if not a nurse? or Charley Bates if not a pickpocket? Not only is human nature in them subdued to what it works in, but there seems to be no nature to subdue; the whole character is the idealization of a trade, and is not in fancy or thought distinguishable from it. Accordingly, of necessity, such delineations become caricatures. We do not in general contrast them with reality; but as soon as we do, we are struck with the monstrous exaggerations which they present. You could no more fancy Sam Weller, or Mark Tapley, or the Artful Dodger really existing, walking about among common ordinary men and women, than you can fancy a talking duck or a writing bear. They are utterly beyond the pale of ordinary social intercourse. We suspect, indeed, that Mr. Dickens does not conceive his characters to himself as mixing in the society he mixes in. He sees people in the street, doing certain things, talking in a certain way, and his fancy petrifies them in the act. He goes on fancying hundreds of repetitions of that act and that speech; he frames an existence in which there is nothing else but that aspect which attracted his atten-

tion. Sam Weller is an example. He is a man-servant, who makes a peculiar kind of jokes, and is wonderfully felicitous in certain similes. You see him at his first introduction:—

“‘My friend,’ said the thin gentleman.

“‘You’re one o’ the advice gratis order, thought Sam, ‘or you wouldn’t be so werry fond o’ me all at once.’ But he only said—‘Well, sir.’

“‘My friend,’ said the thin gentleman, with a conciliatory hem—‘Have you got many people stopping here, now?’ Pretty busy. Eh?’

“Sam stole a look at the inquirer. He was a little high-dried man, with a dark, squeezed-up face, and small, restless black eyes, that kept winking and twinkling on each side of his little inquisitive nose, as if they were playing a perpetual game of peep-bo with that feature. He was dressed all in black, with boots as shiny as his eyes, a low white neckcloth, and a clean shirt with a frill to it. A gold watch-chain, and seals, depended from his fob. He carried his black kid gloves in his hands, not on them; and as he spoke, thrust his wrists beneath his coat-tails, with the air of a man who was in the habit of propounding some regular posers.

“‘Pretty busy, eh?’ said the little man.

“‘Oh, werry well, sir,’ replied Sam, ‘we shan’t be bankrupts, and we shan’t make our fort’ns. We eats our biled mutton without capers, and don’t care for horse-radish wen we can get beef.’

“‘Ah,’ said the little man, ‘you’re a wag, ain’t you?’

“‘My eldest brother was troubled with that complaint,’ said Sam, ‘it may be catching—I used to sleep with him.’

“‘This is a curious old house of yours,’ said the little man, looking round him.

“‘If you’d sent word you was a coming, we’d had it repaired,’ replied the imperturbable Sam.

“The little man seemed rather baffled by these several repulses, and a short consultation took place between him and the two plump gentlemen. At its conclusion, the little man took a pinch of snuff from an oblong silver box, and was apparently on the point of renewing the conversation, when one of the plump gentlemen, who in addition to a benevolent countenance, possessed a pair of spectacles, and a pair of black gaiters, interfered—

“‘The fact of the matter is,’ said the benevolent gentleman, ‘that my friend here (pointing to the other plump gentleman) will give you half a guinea, if you’ll answer one or two—’

"'Now, my dear sir—my dear sir,' said the little man, 'pray allow me—my dear sir, the very first principle to be observed in these cases, is this; if you place a matter in the hands of a professional man, you must in no way interfere in the progress of the business; you must repose implicit confidence in him. Really, Mr. (he turned to the other plump gentleman, and said)—I forget your friend's name.'

"'Pickwick,' said Mr. Wardle, for it was no other than that jolly personage.

"'Ah, Pickwick—really Mr. Pickwick, my dear sir, excuse me—I shall be happy to receive any private suggestions of yours, as *amicus curiæ*, but you must see the impropriety of your interfering with my conduct in this case, with such an *ad captandum* argument as the offer of half a guinea. Really, my dear sir, really,' and the little man took an argumentative pinch of snuff, and looked very profound.

"'My only wish, sir,' said Mr. Pickwick, 'was to bring this very unpleasant matter to as speedy a close as possible.'

"'Quite right—quite right,' said the little man.

"'With which view,' continued Mr. Pickwick, 'I made use of the argument which my experience of men has taught me is the most likely to succeed in any case.'

"'Ay, ay,' said the little man, 'very good, very good indeed; but you should have suggested it to me. My dear sir, I'm quite certain you cannot be ignorant of the extent of confidence which must be placed in professional men. If any authority can be necessary on such a point, my dear sir, let me refer you to the well-known case in *Barnwell* and—'

"'Never mind George Barnwell,' interrupted Sam, who had remained a wondering listener during this short colloquy; 'every body knows what sort of a case his was, tho' it's always been my opinion, mind you, that the young 'ooman deserved scragging a precious sight more than he did. How's ever that's neither here nor there. You want me to except of half a guinea. Werry well, I'm agreeable: I can't say no fairer than that, can I, sir? (Mr. Pickwick smiled.) Then the next question is, what the devil do you want with me, as the man said wen he see the ghost?'

"'We want to know—' said Mr. Wardle.

"'Now my dear sir—my dear sir,' interposed the busy little man.

"'Mr. Wardle shrugged his shoulders, and was silent.

"'We want to know,' said the little man, solemnly; 'and we ask the question of you, in order that we may not awaken apprehen-

sions inside—we want to know who you've got in this house, at present.'

"'Who there is in the house!' said Sam, in whose mind the inmates were always represented by that particular article of their costume, which came under his immediate superintendence. 'There's a wooden leg in number six; there's a pair of Hessians in thirteen; there's two pair of halves in the commercial; there's these here painted tops in the snugery inside the bar; and five more tops in the coffee-room.'

"'Nothing more?' said the little man.

"'Stop a bit,' replied Sam suddenly recollecting himself. 'Yes; there's a pair of Wellingtons a good deal worn, and a pair o' lady's shoes, in number five.'

"'What sort of shoes?' hastily inquired Wardle, who, together with Mr. Pickwick, had been lost in bewilderment at the singular catalogue of visitors.

"'Country make,' replied Sam.

"'Any maker's name?'

"'Brown.'

"'Where of?'

"'Muggleton.'

"'It is them,' exclaimed Wardle. 'By Heavens, we've found them.'

"'Hush!' said Sam. 'The Wellingtons has gone to Doctors' Commons.'

"'No,' said the little man.

"'Yes, for a license.'

"'We're in time,' exclaimed Wardle. 'Show us the room; not a moment is to be lost.'

"'Pray, my dear sir—pray,' said the little man: 'caution, caution.' He drew from his pocket a red silk purse, and looked very hard at Sam as he drew out a sovereign.

Sam grinned expressively.

"'Show us into the room at once without announcing us,' said the little man, 'and it's yours.'

One can fancy Mr. Dickens hearing a dialogue of this sort,—not nearly so good, but something like it,—and immediately setting to work to make it better and put it in a book; then changing a little the situation, putting the boots one step up in the scale of service, engaging him as footman to a stout gentleman (but without for a moment losing sight of the peculiar kind of professional conversation and humor which his first dialogue presents), and astonishing all his readers by the marvellous fertility and magical humor with which he maintains that style. Sam Weller's father is even a stronger and simpler instance. He is simply nothing but an old coachman of the stout and extinct sort:

you cannot separate him from the idea of that occupation. But how amusing he is! We dare not quote a single word of his talk; because we should go on quoting so long, and every one knows it so well. Some persons may think that this is not a very high species of delineative art. The idea of personifying traits and trades may seem to them poor and meagre. Anybody, they may fancy, can do that. But how would they do it? Whose fancy would not break down in a page,—in five lines? Who could carry on the vivification with zest and energy and humor for volume after volume? Endless fertility in laughter-causing detail is Mr. Dickens's most astonishing peculiarity. It requires a continuous and careful reading of his works to be aware of his enormous wealth. Writers have attained the greatest reputation for wit and humor, whose whole works do not contain so much of either as are to be found in a very few pages of his.

Mr. Dickens's humor is indeed very much a result of the two peculiarities of which we have been speaking. His power of detailed observation and his power of idealizing individual traits of character—sometimes of one or other of them, sometimes of both of them together. His similes on matters of external observation are so admirable that everybody appreciates them, and it would be absurd to quote specimens of them; nor is it the sort of excellence which best bears to be paraded for the purposes of critical example. Its off-hand air and natural connection with the adjacent circumstances are inherent parts of its peculiar merit. Every reader of Mr. Dickens's works knows well what we mean. And who is not a reader of them?

But his peculiar humor is even more indebted to his habit of vivifying external traits, than to his power of external observation. He, as we have explained, expands traits into people; and it is a source of true humor to place these, when so expanded, in circumstances in which only people—that is complete human beings—can appropriately act. The humor of Mr. Pickwick's character is entirely of this kind. He is a kind of incarnation of simple-mindedness and what we may call obvious-mindedness. The conclusion which each occurrence or position in life most immediately presents to the unsophisticated mind is that which Mr. Pickwick is sure to accept. The proper accompaniments are

given to him. He is a stout gentleman in easy circumstances, who is irritated into originality by no impulse from within, and by no stimulus from without. He is stated to have "retired from business." But no one can fancy what he was in business. Such guileless simplicity of heart and easy impressibility of disposition would soon have induced a painful failure amid the harsh struggles and the tempting speculations of pecuniary life. As he is represented in the narrative, however, nobody dreams of such antecedents. Mr. Pickwick moves easily over all the surface of English life from Goswell Street to Dingley Dell, from Dingley Dell to the Ipswich elections, from drinking milk-punch in a wheelbarrow to sleeping in the approximate pound, and no one ever thinks of applying to him the ordinary maxims which we should apply to any common person in life, or to any common personage in a fiction. Nobody thinks it is wrong in Mr. Pickwick to drink too much milk-punch in a wheelbarrow, to introduce worthless people of whom he knows nothing to the families of people for whom he really cares; nobody holds him responsible for the consequences; nobody thinks there is any thing wrong in his taking Mr. Bob Sawyer and Mr. Benjamin Allen to visit Mr. Winkle senior, and thereby almost irretrievably offending him with his son's marriage. We do not reject moral remarks such as these, but they never occur to us. Indeed the indistinct consciousness that such observations are possible, and that they are hovering about our minds, enhances the humor of the narrative. We are in a conventional world, where the mere maxims of common life do not apply, and yet which has all the amusing detail, and picturesque elements, and singular eccentricities of common life. Mr. Pickwick is a personified ideal; a kind of amateur in life, whose course we watch through all the circumstances of ordinary existence, and at whose follies we are amused just as really skilled people are at the mistakes of an amateur in their art. His being in the pound is not wrong; his being the victim of Messrs. Dodson is not foolish. "Always shout with the mob," said Mr. Pickwick. "But suppose there are two mobs," said Mr. Snodgrass. "Then shout with the loudest," said Mr. Pickwick. This is not in him weakness or time-serving, or want of principle, as in most even of fictitious people it would be. It is his way. Mr.

Pickwick was expected to say something, so he said "Ah!" in a grave voice. This is not pompous as we might fancy, or clever as it might be if intentionally devised; it is simply his way. Mr. Pickwick gets late at night over the wall behind the back-door of a young-ladies' school, is found in that sequestered place by the schoolmistress and the boarders and the cook, and there is a dialogue between them. There is nothing out of possibility in this; it is his way. The humor essentially consists in treating as a moral agent a being who really is not a moral agent. We treat a vivified accident as a man, and we are surprised at the absurd results. We are reading about an acting thing, and we wonder at its scrapes, and laugh at them as if they were those of the man. There is something of this humor in every sort of farce. Everybody knows these are not real beings acting in real life, though they talk as if they were, and want us to believe that they are. Here, as in Mr. Dickens's books, we have exaggerations pretending to comport themselves as ordinary beings, caricatures acting as if they were characters.

At the same time it is essential to remember, that however great may be and is the charm of such exaggerated personifications, the best specimens of them are immensely less excellent, belong to an altogether lower range of intellectual achievements, than the real depiction of actual living men. It is amusing to read of beings out of the laws of morality, but it is more profoundly interesting, as well as more instructive, to read of those whose life in its moral conditions resembles our own. We see this most distinctly when the representations are given by the genius of the same writer. Falstaff is a sort of sack-holding paunch, an exaggerated over-development which no one thinks of holding down to the commonplace rules of the ten commandments and the statute-law. We do not think of them in connection with him. They belong to a world apart. Accordingly we are vexed when the king discards him and reproves him. Such a fate was a necessary adherence on Shakspeare's part to the historical tradition; he never probably thought of departing from it, nor would his audience have perhaps endured his doing so. But to those who look at the historical plays as pure works of imaginative art, it seems certainly an artistic misconception to have

developed so marvellous an *unmoral* impersonation, and then to have subjected it to an ethical and punitive judgment. Still, notwithstanding this error, which was very likely inevitable, Falstaff is probably the most remarkable specimen of caricature representation to be found in literature. And its very excellence of execution only shows how inferior is the kind of art which creates only such representations. Who could compare the genius, marvellous as must be its fertility, which was needful to create a Falstaff with that shown in the higher productions of the same mind in Hamlet, Ophelia, and Lear? We feel instantaneously the difference between the aggregating accident which rakes up from the externalities of life other accidents analogous to itself, and the central ideal of a real character which cannot show itself wholly in any accidents, but which exemplifies itself partially in many, which unfolds itself gradually in wide spheres of action, and yet, as with those we know best in life, leaves something hardly to be understood, and after years of familiarity is a problem and a difficulty to the last. In the same way the embodied characteristics and grotesque exaggerations of Mr. Dickens, notwithstanding all their humor and all their marvellous abundance, can never be for a moment compared with the great works of the real painters of essential human nature.

There is one class of Mr. Dickens's pictures which may seem to form an exception to this criticism. It is the delineation of the outlaw, we might say the anti-law, world in *Oliver Twist*. In one or two instances, Mr. Dickens has been so fortunate as to hit on characteristics which, by his system of idealization and continual repetition, might really be brought to look like a character. A man's trade or profession in regular life can only exhaust a very small portion of his nature; no approach is made to the essence of humanity by the exaggeration of the traits which typify a beadle or an undertaker. With the outlaw world it is somewhat different. The bare fact of a man belonging to that world is so important to his nature, that if it is artistically developed with coherent accessories, some approximation to a distinctly natural character will be almost inevitably made. In the characters of Bill Sykes and Nancy this is so. The former is the skulking ruffian who may be seen any day at the police-courts, and

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whom any one may fancy he sees by walking through St. Giles's. You cannot attempt to figure to your imagination the existence of such a person without being thrown into the region of the passions, the will, and the conscience; the mere fact of his maintaining, as a condition of life and by settled profession, a struggle with regular society, necessarily brings these deep parts of his nature into prominence; great crime usually proceeds from abnormal impulses or strange effort. Accordingly, Mr. Sykes is the character most approaching to a coherent man who is to be found in Mr. Dickens's works. We do not say that even here there is not some undue heightening admixture of caricature,—but this defect is scarcely thought of amid the general coherence of the picture, the painful subject, and the wonderful command of strange accessories. Miss Nancy is a still more delicate artistic effort. She is an idealization of the girl who may also be seen at the police-courts and St. Giles's; as bad, according to occupation and common character, as a woman can be, yet retaining a tinge of womanhood, and a certain compassion for interesting suffering, which under favoring circumstances might be the germ of a regenerating influence. We need not stay to prove how much the imaginative development of such a personage must concern itself with our deeper humanity; how strongly, if excellent, it must be contrasted with every thing conventional or casual or superficial. Mr. Dickens's delineation is in the highest degree excellent. It possesses not only the more obvious merits belonging to the subject, but also that of a singular delicacy of expression and idea. Nobody fancies for a moment that they are reading about any thing beyond the pale of ordinary propriety. We read the account of the life which Miss Nancy leads with Bill Sykes without such an idea occurring to us; yet when we reflect upon it, few things in literary painting are more wonderful than the depiction of a professional life of sin and sorrow, so as not even to startle those to whom the deeper forms of either are but names and shadows. Other writers would have given as vivid a picture: Defoe would have poured out even a more copious measure of telling circumstantiality, but he would have narrated his story with an inhuman distinctness, which if not impure is unpoetic; French writers, whom we need not name, would have enhanced the interest of

their narrative by trading on the excitement of stimulating scenes. It would be injustice to Mr. Dickens to say that he has surmounted these temptations; the unconscious evidence of innumerable details proves that, from a certain delicacy of imagination and purity of spirit, he has not even experienced them. Criticism is the more bound to dwell at length on the merits of these delineations, because no artistic merit can make *Oliver Twist* a pleasing work. The squalid detail of crime and misery oppresses us too much. If it is to be read at all, it should be read in the first hardness of the youthful imagination, which no touch can move too deeply, and which is never stirred with tremulous suffering at the "still, sad music of humanity." The coldest critic in later life may never hope to have again the apathy of his boyhood.

It perhaps follows from what has been said of the characteristics of Mr. Dickens's genius, that he would be little skilled in planning plots for his novels. He certainly is not so skilled. He says in his preface to the *Pickwick Papers*, "that they were designed for the introduction of diverting characters and incidents; that no ingenuity of plot was attempted, or even at that time considered feasible by the author in connection with the deulutory plan of publication adopted;" and he adds an expression of regret that "these chapters had not been strung together on a thread of more general interest. It is extremely fortunate that no such attempt was made. In the cases in which Mr. Dickens has attempted to make a long connected story, or to develop into scenes or incidents a plan in any degree elaborate, the result has been a complete failure. A certain consistency of genius seems necessary for the construction of a consecutive plot. An irregular mind naturally shows itself in incoherency of incident and aberration of character. The method in which Mr. Dickens's mind works, if we are correct in our criticism upon it, tends naturally to these blemishes. Caricatures are necessarily isolated; they are produced by the exaggeration of certain conspicuous traits and features; each being is enlarged on its greatest side; and we laugh at the grotesque grouping and the startling contrast. But the connection between human beings on which a plot depends is rather severed than elucidated by the enhancement of their diversities. Interesting stories are founded on the intimate relations

of men and women. These intimate relations are based not on their superficial traits, or common occupations, or most visible externalities, but on the inner life of heart and feeling. You simply divert attention from that secret life by enhancing the perceptible diversities of common human nature, and the strange anomalies into which it may be distorted. The original germ of *Pickwick* was a "Club of Oddities." The idea was professedly abandoned; but traces of it are to be found in all Mr. Dickens's books. It illustrates the professed grotesqueness of the characters as well as their slender connection.

The defect of plot is heightened by Mr. Dickens's great, we might say complete, inability to make a love-story. A pair of lovers is by custom a necessity of narrative fiction, and writers who possess a great general range of mundane knowledge, and but little knowledge of the special sentimental subject, are often in amusing difficulties. The watchful reader observes the transition from the hearty description of well-known scenes, of prosaic streets, or journeys by wood and river, to the pale colors of ill-attempted poetry, to such sights as the novelist wishes he need not try to see. But few writers exhibit the difficulty in so aggravated a form as Mr. Dickens. Most men by taking thought can make a lay figure to look not so very unlike a young gentleman, and can compose a telling schedule of lady-like charms. Mr. Dickens has no power of doing either. The heroic character—we do not mean the form of character so-called in life and action, but that which is hereditary in the heroes of novels—is not suited to his style of art. Hazlitt wrote an essay to inquire "Why the heroes of romances are insipid;" and without going that length it may safely be said that the character of the agreeable young gentleman who loves and is loved should not be of the most marked sort. Flirtation ought not to be an exaggerated pursuit. Young ladies and their admirers should not express themselves in the heightened and imaginative phraseology suited to Charley Bates and the *Dodger*. Humor is of no use, for no one makes love in jokes: a tinge of insidious satire may perhaps be permitted as a rare and occasional relief, but it will not be thought "a pretty book," if so malicious an element be at all habitually perceptible. The broad farce in which Mr. Dickens indulges is thoroughly out of place. If

you caricature a pair of lovers ever so little, by the necessity of their calling you make them ridiculous. One of Sheridan's best comedies is remarkable for having no scene in which the hero and heroine are on the stage together; and Mr. Moore suggests that the shrewd wit distrusted his skill in the light, dropping love-talk which would have been necessary. Mr. Dickens would have done well to imitate so astute a policy; but he has none of the managing shrewdness which those who look at Sheridan's career attentively will probably think not the least remarkable feature in his singular character. Mr. Dickens, on the contrary, pours out painful sentiments as if he wished the abundance should make up for the inferior quality. The excruciating writing which is expended on Miss Ruth Pinch passes belief. Mr. Dickens is not only unable to make lovers to talk, but to describe heroines in mere narrative. As has been said, most men can make a tumble of blue eyes and fair hair and pearly teeth, that does very well for a young lady, at least for a good while; but Mr. Dickens will not, probably cannot, attain even to this humble measure of descriptive art. He vitiates the repose by broad humor, or disenchant the delicacy by an unctuous admiration.

This deficiency is probably nearly connected with one of Mr. Dickens's most remarkable excellencies. No one can read Mr. Thackeray's writings without feeling that he is perpetually treading as close as he dare to the border-line that separates the world which may be described in books from the world which it is prohibited to describe. No one knows better than this accomplished artist where that line is, and how curious are its windings and turns. The charge against him is that he knows it but too well; that with an anxious care and a wistful eye he is ever approximating to its edge, and hinting with subtle art how thoroughly he is familiar with, and how interesting he could make, the interdicted region on the other side. He never violates a single conventional rule; but at the same time the shadow of the immorality that is not seen is scarcely ever wanting to his delineation of the society that is seen. Every one may perceive what is passing in his fancy. Mr. Dickens is chargeable with no such defect: he does not seem to feel the temptation. By what we may fairly call an instinctive purity of genius, he not only observes the

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conventional rules, but makes excursion into topics which no other novelist could safely handle, and, by a felicitous instinct, deprives them of all impropriety. No other writer could have managed the humor of Mrs. Gamp, without becoming unendurable. At the same time it is difficult not to believe that this singular insensibility to the temptations to which many of the greatest novelists have succumbed is in some measure connected with his utter inaptitude for delineating the portion of life to which their art is specially inclined. He delineates neither the love-affairs which ought to be nor those which ought not to be.

Mr. Dickens's indisposition to "make capital" out of the most commonly tempting part of human sentiment is the more remarkable because he certainly does not show the same indisposition in other cases. He has naturally great powers of pathos; his imagination is familiar with the common sorts of human suffering; and his marvellous conversancy with the detail of existence enables him to describe sick-beds and death-beds with an excellence very rarely seen in literature. A nature far more sympathetic than that of most authors has familiarized him with such subjects. In general, a certain apathy is characteristic of book-writers, and dulls the efficacy of their pathos. Mr. Dickens is quite exempt from this defect; but, on the other hand, is exceedingly prone to a very ostentatious exhibition of the opposite excellence. He dwells on dismal scenes with a kind of fawning fondness; and he seems unwilling to leave them, long after his readers have had more than enough of them. He describes Mr. Dennis the hangman as having a professional fondness for his occupation: he has the same sort of fondness apparently for the profession of death-painter. The painful details he accumulates are a very serious drawback from the agreeableness of his writings. Dismal "light literature" is the smallest of reading. The reality of the police-reports is sufficiently bad, but a fictitious police-report would be the most disagreeable of conceivable compositions. Some portions of Mr. Dickens's books are liable to a good many of the same objections. They are squalid from noisome trivialities, and horrid with terrifying crime. In his earlier books this is commonly relieved at frequent intervals by a graphic and original mirth.

As we will not say age, but maturity, has passed over his powers, this counteractive element has been lessened; the humor is not so happy as it was, but the wonderful fertility in painful *minutiae* still remains.

Mr. Dickens's political opinions have subjected him to a good deal of criticism, and to some ridicule. He has shown, on many occasions, the desire,—which we see so frequent among able and influential men,—to start as a political reformer. Mr. Spurgeon said, with an application to himself, "If you've got the ear of the public, *of course* you must begin to tell it its faults." Mr. Dickens has been quite disposed to make this use of his popular influence. Even in *Pickwick* there are many traces of this tendency; and the way in which it shows itself in that book and in others is very characteristic of the time at which they appeared. The most instructive political characteristic of the years from 1825 to 1845 is the growth and influence of the scheme of opinion which we call Radicalism. There are several species of creeds which are comprehended under this generic name, but they all evince a marked reaction against the worship of the English constitution and the affection for the English *status quo*, which were then the established creed and sentiment. All Radicals are anti-Eldonites. This is equally true of the Benthamite or philosophical radicalism of the early period, and the Manchester or "definite-grievance radicalism," among the last vestiges of which we are now living. Mr. Dickens represents a species different from either. His is what we may call the "sentimental radicalism;" and if we recur to the history of the time, we shall find that there would not originally have been any opprobrium attaching to such a name. The whole course of the legislation, and still more of the administration of the first twenty years of the nineteenth century were marked by a harsh unfeelingness which is of all faults the most contrary to any with which we are chargeable now. The world of the "Six Acts," the frequent executions for death, the Draconic criminal law, is so far removed from us that we cannot comprehend its having ever existed. It is more easy to understand the recoil which has followed. All the social speculation, and much of the social action of the few years succeeding the Reform Bill bear the most marked traces of the reaction.

The spirit which animates Mr. Dickens's political reasonings and observations expresses it exactly. The vice of the then existing social authorities and of the then existing public had been the forgetfulness of the pain which their own acts evidently produced,—an unrealizing habit which adhered to official rules and established maxims, and which would not be shocked by the evident consequences, by proximate human suffering. The sure result of this habit was the excitement of the habit precisely opposed to it. Mr. Carlyle, in his *Chartism*, we think, observes of the poor-law reform: "It was then, above all things, necessary that outdoor relief should cease. But how? What means did great Nature take for accomplishing that most desirable end? She created a race of men who believed the cessation of outdoor relief to be the one thing needful." In the same way, and by the same propensity to exaggerated opposition which is inherent in human nature, the unfeeling obtuseness of the early part of this century was to be corrected by an extreme, perhaps an excessive, sensibility to human suffering in the years which have followed. There was most adequate reason for the sentiment in its origin, and it had a great task to perform in ameliorating harsh customs and repealing dreadful penalties; but it has continued to repine at such evils long after they ceased to exist, and when the only facts that at all resemble them are the necessary painfulness of due punishment and the necessary rigidity of established law. Mr. Dickens is an example both of the proper use and of the abuse of the sentiment. His earlier works have many excellent descriptions of the abuses which had descended to the present generation from others whose sympathy with pain was less tender. Nothing can be better than the description of the poor debtors' gaols in *Pickwick*, or of the old parochial authorities in *Oliver Twist*. No doubt these descriptions are caricatures, all his delineations are so; but the beneficial use of such art can hardly be better exemplified. Human nature endures the aggravation of vices and foibles in written description better than that of excellencies. We cannot bear to hear even the hero of a book forever called "just;" we detest the recurring praise even of beauty, much more of virtue. The moment you begin to exaggerate a character of true excel-

lence, you spoil it; the traits are too delicate not to be injured by heightening or marred by over-emphasis. But a beadle is made for caricature. The slight measure of pomposity that humanizes his unfeelingness introduces the requisite comic element; even the turnkeys of a debtor's prison may by skilful hands be similarly used. The contrast between the destitute condition of Job Trotter and Mr. Jingle and their former swindling triumph, is made comic by a rarer touch of unconscious art. Mr. Pickwick's warm heart takes so eager an interest in the misery of his old enemies, that our colder nature is tempted to smile. We endure the over-intensity, at any rate the unnecessary aggravation, of the surrounding misery; and we endure it willingly, because it brings out better than any thing else could have done the half-comic intensity of a sympathetic nature.

It is painful to pass from these happy instances of well-used power to the glaring abuses of the same faculty in Mr. Dickens's later books. He began by describing really removable evils in a style which would induce all persons, however insensible, to remove them if they could; he has ended by describing the natural evils and inevitable pains of the present state of being in such a manner as must tend to excite discontent and repining. The result is aggravated, because Mr. Dickens never ceases to hint that these evils are removable, though he does not say by what means. Nothing is easier than to show the evils of any thing. Mr. Dickens has not unfrequently spoken, and what is worse, he has taught a great number of parrot-like imitators to speak, in what really is, if they knew it, a tone of objection to the necessary constitution of human society. If you will only write a description of it, any form of government will seem ridiculous. What is more absurd than a despotism, even at its best? A king of ability or an able minister sits in an orderly room filled with memorials, and returns, and documents, and memoranda. These are his world; among these he of necessity lives and moves. Yet how little of the real life of the nation he governs can be represented in an official form! How much of real suffering is there that statistics can never tell! how much of obvious good is there that no memorandum to a minister will ever mention! how much deception is there in what such documents contain! how mon-

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trous must be the ignorance of the closet statesman, after all his life of labor, of much that a ploughman could tell him of! A free government is almost worse, as it must read in a written delineation. Instead of the real attention of a laborious and anxious statesman, we have now the shifting caprices of a popular assembly—elected for one object, deciding on another; changing with the turn of debate; shifting in its very composition; one set of men coming down to vote to-day, to-morrow another and often unlike set, most of them eager for the dinner-hour, actuated by unseen influences,—by a respect for their constituents, by the dread of an attorney in a far-off borough. What people are these to control a nation's destinies, and wield the power of an empire, and regulate the happiness of millions! Either way we are at fault. Free government seems an absurdity, and despotism is so too. Again, every form of law has a distinct expression, a rigid procedure, customary rules and forms. It is administered by human beings liable to mistake, confusion, and forgetfulness, and in the long-run, and on the average, is sure to be tainted with vice and fraud. Nothing can be easier than to make a case, as we may say, against any particular system, by pointing out with emphatic caricature its inevitable miscarriages and by pointing out nothing else. Those who so address us may assume a tone of philanthropy, and forever exult that they are not so unfeeling as other men are; but the real tendency of their exhortations is to make men dissatisfied with their inevitable condition, and what is worse, to make them fancy that its irremediable evils can be remedied, and indulge in a succession of vague strivings and restless changes. Such, however,—though in a style of expression somewhat different,—is very much the tone with which Mr. Dickens and his followers have in later years made us familiar. To the second-hand repeaters of a cry so feeble, we can have nothing to say; if silly people cry because they think the world is silly, let them cry; but the founder of the school cannot, we are persuaded, peruse without mirth the lachrymose eloquence which his disciples have perpetrated. The soft moisture of irrelevant sentiment cannot have entirely entered into his soul. A truthful genius must have forbidden it. Let us hope that his periancious example may incite some one of equal

genius to preach with equal efficiency a sterner and a wiser gospel; but there is no need just now for us to preach it without genius.

There has been much controversy about Mr. Dickens's taste. A great many cultivated people will scarcely concede that he has any taste at all; a still larger number of fervent admirers point, on the other hand, to a hundred felicitous descriptions and delineations which abound in apt expressions and skilful turns and happy images,—in which it would be impossible to alter a single word without altering for the worse; and naturally inquire whether such excellences in what is written do not indicate good taste in the writer. The truth is, that Mr. Dickens has what we may call creative taste; that is to say, the habit or faculty, whichever we may choose to call it, which at the critical instant of artistic production offers to the mind the right word, and the right word only. If he is engaged on a good subject for caricature, there will be no defect of taste to preclude the caricature from being excellent. But it is only in moments of imaginative production that he has any taste at all. His works nowhere indicate that he possesses in any degree the passive taste which decides what is good in the writings of other people and what is not, and which performs the same critical duty upon a writer's own efforts when the confusing mists of productive imagination have passed away. Nor has Mr. Dickens the gentlemanly instinct which in many minds supplies the place of purely critical discernment, and which, by constant association with those who know what is best, acquires a secondhand perception of that which is best. He has no tendency to conventionalism for good or for evil; his merits are far removed from the ordinary path of writers, and it was not probably so much effort to him as to other men to step so far out of that path—he scarcely knew how far it was. For the same reason he cannot tell how faulty his writing will often be thought, for he cannot tell what people will think.

A few pedantic critics have regretted that Mr. Dickens had not received what they call a regular education. And if we understand their meaning, we believe they mean to regret that he had not received a course of discipline which would probably have impaired his powers. A regular education should

mean that ordinary system of regulation and instruction which experience has shown to fit men best for the ordinary pursuits of life. It applies the requisite discipline to each faculty in the exact proportion in which that faculty is wanted in the pursuits of life; it develops understanding, and memory, and imagination, each in accordance with the scale prescribed. To men of ordinary faculties this is nearly essential; it is the only mode in which they can be fitted for the inevitable competition of existence. To men of regular and symmetrical genius also, such a training will often be beneficial. The world knows pretty well what are the great tasks of the human mind, and has learnt in the course of ages with some accuracy what is the kind of culture likely to promote their exact performance. A man of abilities extraordinary in degree but harmonious in proportion, will be the better for having submitted to the kind of discipline which has been ascertained to fit a man for the work to which powers in that proportion are best fitted; he will do what he has to do better and more gracefully; culture will add a touch to the finish of nature. But the case is very different with men of irregular and anomalous genius, whose excellences consist in the *aggravation* of some special faculty, or at the most of one or two. The discipline which will fit him for the production of great literary works is that which will most develop the peculiar powers in which he excels; the rest of the mind will be far less important, it will not be likely that the culture which is adapted to promote this special development will also be that which is most fitted for expanding the powers of common men in common directions. The precise problem is to develop the powers of a strange man in a strange direction. In the case of Mr. Dickens, it would have been absurd to have shut up his observant youth within the walls of a college. They would have taught him nothing about Mrs. Gamp there; Sam Weller took no degree. The kind of early life fitted to develop the power of apprehensive observation is a brooding life in stirring scenes; the idler in the streets of life knows the streets; the bystander knows the picturesque effect of life better than the player, and the meditative idler amid the hum of existence is much more likely to know its sound and to take in and comprehend its depths and meanings than the

scholastic student intent on books, which, if they represent any world, represent one which has long passed away,—which commonly try rather to develop the reasoning understanding than the seeing observation,—which are written in languages that have long been dead. You will not train by such discipline a caricaturist of obvious manners.

Perhaps, too, a regular instruction and daily experience of the searching ridicule of critical associates would have detracted from the *pluck* which Mr. Dickens shows in all his writings. It requires a great deal of courage to be a humorous writer; you are always afraid that people will laugh at you instead of with you: undoubtedly there is a certain eccentricity about it. You take up the esteemed writers, Thucydides and the *Saturday Review*; after all, they do not make you laugh. It is not the function of really artistic productions to contribute to the mirth of human beings. All sensible men are afraid of it, and it is only with an extreme effort that a printed joke attains to the perusal of the public: the chances are many to one that the anxious producer loses heart in the correction of the press, and that the world never laughs at all. Mr. Dickens is quite exempt from this weakness. He has what a Frenchman might call the courage of his faculty. The real daring which is shown in the *Pickwick Papers*, in the whole character of Mr. Weller senior, as well as in that of his son, is immense, far surpassing any which has been shown by any other contemporary writer. The brooding, irregular mind is in its first stage prone to this sort of courage. It perhaps knows that its ideas are "out of the way;" but with the infantine simplicity of youth, it supposes that originality is an advantage. Persons more familiar with the ridicule of their equals in station (and this is to most men the great instructress of the college time) well know that of all qualities this one most requires to be clipped, and pared, and measured. Posterity we doubt not will be entirely perfect in every conceivable element of judgment; but the existing generation like what they have heard before—it is much easier. It required great courage in Mr. Dickens to write what his genius has compelled them to appreciate.

We have throughout spoken of Mr. Dickens as he was, rather than as he is; or, to use a less discourteous phrase, and we hope a truer, of his early works rather than of those which

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are more recent. We could not do otherwise consistently with the true code of criticism. A man of great genius, who has written great and enduring works, must be judged mainly by them; and not by the inferior productions which, from the necessities of personal position, a fatal facility of composition, or other cause, he may pour forth at moments less favorable to his powers. Those who are called on to review these inferior productions themselves, must speak of them in the terms they may deserve; but those who have the more pleasant task of estimating as a whole the genius of the writer, may confine their attention almost wholly to those happier efforts which illustrate that genius. We should not like to have to speak in detail of Mr. Dickens's later works, and we have not done so. There are, indeed, peculiar reasons why a genius constituted as his is (at least if we are correct in the view which we have taken of it) would not endure without injury during a long life the applause of the many, the temptations of composition, and the general excitement of existence. Even in his earlier works it was impossible not to fancy that there was a weakness of fibre unfavorable to the longevity of excellence. This was the effect of his deficiency in those masculine faculties of which we have said so much,—the reasoning understanding and firm, far-seeing sagacity. It is these two component elements which stiffen the mind, and give a consistency to the creed and a coherence to its effects,—which enable it to protect itself from the rush of circumstances. If to a deficiency in these we add an extreme sensibility to circumstances,—a mobility, as Lord Byron used to call it, of

emotion, which is easily impressed, and still more easily carried away by impression,—we have the idea of a character peculiarly unfitted to bear the flux of time and chance. A man of very great determination could hardly bear up against them with such slight aids from within and with such peculiar sensibility to temptation. A man of merely ordinary determination would succumb to it; and Mr. Dickens has succumbed. His position was certainly unfavorable. He has told us that the works of his later years, inferior as all good critics have deemed them, have yet been more read than those of his earlier and healthier years. The most characteristic part of his audience, the lower middle-class, were ready to receive with delight the least favorable productions of his genius. Human nature cannot endure this; it is too much to have to endure a coincident temptation both from within and from without. Mr. Dickens was too much inclined by natural disposition to lachrymose eloquence and exaggerated caricature. Such was the kind of writing which he wrote most easily. He found likewise that such was the kind of writing that was read most readily; and of course he wrote that kind. Who would have done otherwise? No critic is entitled to speak very harshly of such degeneracy, if he is not sure that he could have coped with difficulties so peculiar. If that rule is to be observed, who is there that will not be silent? No other Englishman has attained such a hold on the vast populace; it is little, therefore, to say that no other has surmounted its attendant temptations.

CHILDS AND PETERSON, of this city, are so advanced with the Critical Dictionary of English Literature, and British and American authors, living and dead, from the earliest accounts to the middle of the nineteenth century, that they will certainly be able to publish it before the end of 1858. It will consist of two volumes, each of one thousand pages, super-royal 8vo. The first volume will contain from A. to J., inclusive. This is a bibliographical as well as a biographical, dictionary, and therein resembles no book yet published. It will contain from thirty thousand to forty thousand biographies of authors, with almost innumerable notices of their works. Mr. S. Austin Allibone, who has devoted years to the execution of this work, and whose life has been passed in preparing for it, has peculiar qualifications—as a fine

critic, a clear writer, a well read scholar, and a hard working man of letters. It is the opinion of Mr. Trubner, the eminent and learned bibliopole, (and editor of "Ludewig's Literature of American Aboriginal Languages,") that, with one exception in Germany, there is not so complete a collection of bibliographical works in the world as Mr. Allibone's. It is far more complete and extended than that of the British Museum. The publishers will have invested over forty thousand dollars in one way or another, upon Mr. Allibone's great book by the time the first volume meets the public eye. The European sale will probably be as large as the American. It is a work which will be necessary to all who read, and indispensable to those who write.—*Philadelphia Press.*

CHAPTER V.

WHILE Lord Hanworth and Valentine Vernon were busy in their carriage discussing the probabilities of their visit, the guests already assembled at Elderslie were not on their side idle. Mrs. Ramsay, walking up and down the terraces, arm in arm with her eldest daughter, was confidentially whispering to her in very loud whispers the many reasons she had for believing Lord Hanworth partial to Margaret; the long talk in the little room; the morning visit; the meeting at a picture-gallery; the interest exhibited in Margaret's paintings; the lending of a volume of Charlatan's collected works; and she ended all with—"This is the very ecstasy of love."

"Well," said Lady Howell, in answer, "I really do think these are fair indications of a particular state of mind, and I cannot sufficiently congratulate you on having the luck to meet with an eccentric lord."

"Eccentric," cried Mrs. Ramsay.

"Yes, eccentric; don't be angry. He certainly is so; and if he were not Margaret would have the less chance. If he cared about fashion or rank, or the ways of the world, as most of his class do, he would not, my respected and beloved mother, be so often attaching himself to you and your party. But he likes to be unlike other people, and pretends not to see that Lady Allerton and all his fashionable friends are shocked."

Lady Allerton was at this very moment pacing the terrace alone with a dissatisfied air, while Adeline and Captain French, and Edith and Margaret, were walking in pairs.

"I am quite vexed," Adeline was saying to the captain, "that Lord Hanworth is coming. You've no notion how prosy he is."

"I don't believe your mother think so," Captain French replied.

"Oh, no; I know mamma doesn't think so; at least, she says she doesn't. But he's more a mother's man than a daughter's, and I can tell you, that I think him intensely prosy and intensely old."

Captain French first burst into a shout of laughter at this sally, and then stooped to pick a heartsease, which he presented to Miss Allerton. He stooped again, and picked another for himself. Margaret and Edith just then crossed them in their walk.

"I do not," said Margaret, in a low tone to Edith, "I do not, dear Edith, wish to disguise from you that I am very happy in ex-

pecting to see Lord Hanworth. Indeed, every thing here has seemed changed to me since I heard he was coming. The rooms have looked less stately, the servants have been less overwhelming, Sir Simon has been less intolerable, and Lady Allerton less malicious."

Something of the chill that Edith had experienced on her first arrival at Elderslie came over her again while Margaret spoke. She could not herself wholly account for the feeling, but she watched, with something approaching to dismay, Mrs. Ramsay's indelicate and indiscreet joy over Lord Hanworth's supposed attentions, and Margaret's complete abandonment to this new affection. Yet there was no obvious reason for seeking to check it, and with a sensation that her friend required a warning, she hardly knew what to warn her against. She paused then to think before she said,—"Margaret, take care you don't speak to others as you have spoken to me."

"Why? What is the matter? What have I said that you can find fault with? Can it be wrong to tell you that I feel happy in expecting Lord Hanworth? Edith, I know he is happy in coming here! He has been very often asked before, and this is the first time he has accepted the invitation. I learned that from Sir Simon at luncheon. What would you have? am I to pretend to be unhappy, or can you pretend to doubt his being worthy of regard? Can you fail to see the stamp of excellence there is about him? Does he not talk, think, and feel better than any other human being we know, with the one exception perhaps of Charlton?"

"Hush, Margaret! Speak lower; Lady Allerton is not far from us."

"What of that? Am I to deny that Lord Hanworth is an agreeable man because Lady Allerton is a disagreeable woman?"

"No; but you are to use caution in the midst of enemies. Remember that a woman always needs caution. A woman is always in the midst of enemies; the more attractive she is the more bitter they are; and she has need to defend herself with all the strength of art and concealment."

"Edith! art!"

"Yes; art. I know it sounds ill; but I know that it must be used, for what is concealment but art?"

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think me disposed to make a general proclamation of my sentiments, we have been friends so long to very little purpose; and if you resent me confiding them to you, I will leave off doing so."

Margaret turned away as she spoke. Edith saw that she was hurt, and reproached herself for having needlessly interrupted the flow of her happiness. She loved her warmly and truly. She had never known either a sister or a mother: she had known Margaret in early childhood, and their then dawning sympathies had opened into a friendship strong, tender, and ardent; such as not unfrequently takes place in youth between two women, and such as has been known, though only in a few rare instances, to exist between two men. The pain that was felt by Margaret she doubly felt herself. She took her hand, and said,— "Don't be angry with me; don't be annoyed with my perhaps too worldly views. You know I cannot think ill of anything you say, of any thing you do. Do forgive me; perhaps if you knew all that I have known and felt in life you would not wonder at me. Do forgive me!"

Margaret, in answer, put her arm round her neck, and kissed her cheek. She was so happy that it was easy to her to forgive.

"Quite a pretty, tender little scene for Lord Hanworth and Mr. Vernon to see!" cried Lady Allerton, as she joined them. "And now, young ladies, look up, for here they come."

While she spoke, accompanied by Sir Simon and General Allerton, Hanworth and Vernon came in view. Lady Allerton advanced eagerly to meet them; Margaret and Edith stood still as they approached, and Edith fancied that Margaret's hand was trembling, and certainly she saw the blood mount to her cheeks when Lord Hanworth greeted them both. He showed no emotion himself, but it was not in his nature to betray emotion, and he smiled quietly while Vernon nervously stumbled and trod on Edith's gown, and the sound that followed his movement proclaimed some great destruction. Margaret stooped and lifted the muslin flounce compassionately, to consider the extent of the injury. Lord Hanworth paused for a moment to consider it also, and said, "I fear this is a serious case of damage."

"Of course, I'm certain to damage any thing I like," cried Vernon, petulantly.

"See here the rent that envious Casca made," exclaimed Mrs. Ramsay, joining the group, and affectedly extending her hand to Lord Hanworth.

"Envious Casca! what's the meaning of that phrase?" said Lady Allerton, annoyed at the position that Lord Hanworth was occupying near Margaret; "pray who's envious here?"

"Why I am, Lady Allerton," said Vernon, in his peevish, grumbling voice: "you know I am—you know it's my nature, and so does Mrs. Ramsay, and so she thinks because I've torn a great piece out of Miss Somers's gown that I envied it for belonging to her. Isn't that it, Mrs. Ramsay?"

Mrs. Ramsey was too much astonished at finding any meaning assigned to what she said, to hazard a reply. Edith assured Mr. Vernon, as any other young lady in her place would have done, that the gown was all the better for being torn; and Sir Simon continued a pompous and quite needless apology that he had begun in the hall, for Lady Howell's absence at their reception. The train, he said, was in certainly five minutes earlier than usual, so that she could not expect them so soon. He would go and fetch her—she was only on the lower terrace cutting some flowers, and he would go and fetch her. She would certainly be very much concerned at the appearance of inattention to her guests; but the truth was, things were so punctual in her establishment that it was impossible for her to anticipate the unpunctuality of railways. Lord Hanworth begged to accompany him to the lower terrace to join Lady Howell, and observed, "Though it is true that the pretended punctuality of railway trains is a very unpunctual matter, yet when we consider the enormous amount of business carried on, the constant traffic, the great difficulties where such large masses are concerned of avoiding the occurrence here and there of individual delay, and the effect that one slight delay must have in producing another, the real subject for surprise seems, after all, the amount of punctuality that is maintained."

"I cannot," solemnly replied Sir Simon, "agree with your lordship in this particular. The vaster the business, the more important must be an exactness in carrying it on, and a peremptory resolution in the head of the department would no doubt effect this. In our establishment no servant is ever forgiven for

the slightest unpunctuality: Lady Howell insists upon exactness, and exactness is obtained—our gong is as punctual as our clocks. I feel confident that if the most extensive railway traffic were carried on under my superintendence, I could maintain it in perfect punctuality. It would only be to insist, and to punish, and to have proper officials, and it could be done easy enough. When I was in the House I rose to speak on this subject, but it so happened that on that occasion the House was counted out. Should I on consideration feel it right to accept the seat that, I may between your lordship and myself admit, is likely, now that Wharton is retired, to be offered to me, I should press this matter again upon the attention of the House.”

By this time, fortunately for Lord Hanworth, they had joined Lady Howell, who with her garden-hat, a large nosegay of flowers in one hand, and a beautiful boy clasping the other, looked very handsome and very picturesque. The child made a solemn Sir Simon-like bow to Lord Hanworth; and when his mother told him to run to help Mr. Vernon down the flight of steps from the upper terrace, he walked at the stateliest possible pace. Simon Percy (the boy's name) whenever he obeyed, obeyed as slowly as he could, and Sir Simon never found fault with his deliberation, for it reminded him of himself.

“Your son,” said Hanworth to Lady Howell, as they all watched his proceeding, “is a singular likeness of you both. It is seldom that the characteristics of both parents are so perfectly combined.”

He was a handsome boy; and so both were pleased, only Lady Howell said, as she watched him,

“I wish he would quicken his pace; Mr. Vernon ought to be helped down those steps, he is so very blind and so very clumsy.” And she called to the boy,—“Simon Percy, make haste!”

But Sir Simon interfered, and called,—“Simon Percy, don't hurry!” Adding apologetically to his wife, “Mr. Vernon is of less consequence than our son.”

At this very instant Vernon stumbled over the lowest step, and fell upon his face. Lord Hanworth went to his assistance, but found him fortunately injured in nothing but his temper.

As he shook the loose gravel angrily from his coat, Lady Howell expressed her regret

that her boy had not reached him soon enough to avert the accident. She was very sorry; the turn of the step just there was very awkward.

“No, Lady Howell, be more sincere; it is I that am very awkward. Now do for once take my advice, and check the growth of family pride in your child by pointing to me. Clumsy, ill-made, unlucky, what have I got by my fine pedigree? A bad sight, an awkward gait, and a dreadful temper!”

Sir Simon saved Lady Howell the trouble of a reply by interposing an observation,—“Simon Percy has a very proper pride.”

The flow of Vernon's spleen, however, could not be turned aside by any interposition; and he enlarged upon the chapter of his misfortunes, and eagerly narrated the history of the torn skirt.

“It is not worth a thought,” said Lady Howell; “Sparkles shall repair it at once.”

“Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,” said Mrs. Ramsay, who had become one of the group. “I have desired Morris to attend to it.”

“Sparkles would, I have no doubt, do it better,” said Sir Simon.

“If I were rich,” said Vernon, “I would present Miss Somers with a new dress; but I'm not, I'm devilish poor.”

“You needn't regret it in this case,” said Lord Hanworth, “for Miss Somers has assured us that the dress has not suffered; on the contrary, that it is in rather an improved state.”

There was a quiet smile on his face while he spoke that provoked Edith, and she felt more provoked when she saw Margaret smile too.

She blushed, and turned away with a movement of vexation, stooping to gather a rose to conceal the flush that she felt on her face. It was a moss-rose, and she was unable to divide the stalk. Looking up to ask for Lady Howell's scissors, she found Lord Hanworth at her side. He cut the rose with his knife, and presented it to her. She thanked him, and Vernon now joined her.

“Dear Miss Somers,” said he, with something of an unaccustomed tenderness in his tone, “I wish I could do something to please you; but unluckily for you I like you, and I'm sure to contrive to harm anybody I like.”

“The close contriver of all harms,” said Mrs. Ramsay.

"That's very appropriate, Mrs. Ramsay," muttered Vernon.

"Will you take a turn with me on the upper terrace?" said Edith, addressing him.

"Certainly, certainly. We'll walk up and down, and I'll tell you my history, if you'll promise to listen to it."

Edith promised to listen, and they ascended the steps.

"There go Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Vernon," cried Lady Allerton, with a spiteful laugh.

Lord Hanworth's attention was arrested by this observation, and he paused for a moment to look after the ill-matched pair, and then followed Margaret, who had turned away from Lady Allerton. Margaret mounted to the upper terrace, and Lord Hanworth accompanied her. They joined Edith and Vernon, who were pacing up and down.

"What Hanworth," said Vernon, "are you come to hear my history too? I never was so important before; and I'm very much tempted to make a mystery of it to gain fresh consequence. You know that plan, Lord Hanworth, and you sometimes follow it. You keep back a sentiment to excite an interest; and that's why you're a sort of a lady's man in spite of yourself."

A change of color in Lord Hanworth's face indicated a momentary resentment at this speech; but he only said, "I believe you will gain most importance at the present moment by speaking."

"The first time any one ever wished to hear me speak," said Vernon. "Well then, Miss Somers, what is my history? Why, about as short as myself. I was born poor, being the younger son of an earl, and I remained poor, being unlucky. My father died when I was still young. My eldest brother married early, had a large family; and with only just enough to support his title, how could he be expected to support me? But I was thought clever. 'Valentine is clever,' they all said; 'Valentine will do. Valentine is a wit, and Valentine is a scholar; Valentine will make his way.' And so I made my way into Parliament; and when I got up and said a few words the House coughed, and when I sat down again the House laughed, and I believe it was voted without a division that my speeches were bad. But I made my way into office notwithstanding—only no sooner was I in than the Ministry

went out; and I always told them it was my bad luck that forced them to resign. I've given up politics now, and taken to literature, I write for money, not for fame; and I've brought my MSS. with me, but I like you all too well to ask you to read any of them."

"Is that all your history?" asked Margaret.

"Do you want more?" replied Vernon. "Ah! I guess why: a history without love is dull, and you want to know it all the more because, as you see me an old bachelor, you know I was an unsuccessful lover."

"Oh no!" said Margaret.

"Oh yes!" said Vernon; "unsuccessful love is the best subject for romance and tragedy."

"That is true," said Hanworth.

"But not in my case," said Vernon; "for though I was refused, I am glad of it with all my heart—at least with what heart is left to me. I asked a young girl at school whether she would leave her cross-grained schoolmistress to take me for her master, and she said 'No.' And so here I am, single and independent, and ready, Miss Somers, to make an offer to you."

"Lady Allerton," said Hanworth, "expects to be immediately informed of it. Did she not say so, Miss Ramsay?"

"No, my lord; she knows it without information."

A shrill laugh from Vernon at this moment joined itself to the deep tones of the gong, and Sir Simon and General Allerton appeared gradually nearing.

"Thank you," said Edith, "for telling us your story; but we must run in to dress for dinner."

CHAPTER VI.

IN the course of the evening an excursion was proposed for the following day, during which the party, who might have lunched or gone without luncheon, according to their individual habits, at home with perfect comfort, were to lunch or go without it as the case might be, in a damp room, or on wet grass, or in some other way where entire comfort would be out of the question. Sir Simon did not much approve of this mode of spending a morning; there was a decided want of dignity and propriety about it. It might be all very well for people in a small way of life to put a basket of cold meat under the seat of a one-horse chaise, and go

away somewhere to eat it. It could not much matter where or how such people eat; but for Sir Simon's carriages and Sir Simon's powdered servants to be concerned in the transport of provisions to be eaten in an irregular way—even if the choicest specimens of cold viands, and accompanied by the finest drinks—this was a kind of solecism which he could not abide. General Allerton also, who loved his dinner above all things, and loved his luncheon in the country at this time of year only next to his dinner, protested against any unnecessary trouble and change of place in eating it. Luncheon judiciously managed—not too late, nor too heavy—instead of interfering with the enjoyment of dinner, rather promoted it, as he argued; but if people rode or drove to a distance, they were apt to become unusually hungry; and eating under strange circumstances, they were exposed to losing their presence of mind and eating too much; more, indeed, than was consistent with a due attention to the rights of the nobler and later meal. "And then we shall all spoil our dinners," added he, with a look of dismay which was almost tragical in the notion of woe and total destruction of happiness conveyed by it.

At the first mention, therefore, of a visit to Cowlington Priory—for every one who knew the house and the surrounding country knew that there and there only could they go, because there only could the horses be well put up, and there only could a table be spread in a manner sufficiently respectable to satisfy Sir Simon, whose final assent was as much a matter of course as his first objection:—at the first mention of a visit to Cowlington, therefore, there were two dissentient voices. Dignity objected through Sir Simon, and digestion found a mouthpiece in General Allerton. The Baronet's scruples were allayed, as they had often before been, by reminding him of the remarkable adaptation of the Priory for such a purpose, the good stabling at the inn, and at the seldom inhabited modern house, the boarded room among the ruins to which favored visitors are admitted, and so forth. General Allerton's alarms were soothed by the brilliant and novel suggestion, that if the drive out gave an undue and dangerous preponderance to the claims of luncheon, yet the drive home might be looked to for restoring the balance in favor of dinner; and if the day's proceedings were arranged to

bring the party home by a longer road than that taken in going, so as thoroughly to dissipate the effects of the luncheon, there would be, on the whole, a clear advantage gained, and there would be a better appetite than on ordinary days for both luncheon and dinner. These cogent and striking arguments came originally from Lord Hanworth, but were gradually brought forward and interpreted to the person against whom they were directed by Miss Ramsay and her friend, the members of the party whose wishes, as may be supposed, were most entirely bent on the proposed excursion. Sir Simon was managed separately by Lady Howell, who took him aside from the rest, to whom he shortly returned alone, and as if of his own motion, then proposed a drive to Cowlington Priory for the following day, as though the subject had never before been mentioned by any one. Coming from him, General Allerton had nothing further to say against it, and indeed he was by this time anxious to try the experiment pressed upon him; and the thing was settled without further remark.

In the morning it was hot, and all agreed to drive, General Allerton only securing a horse to be sent forward for him, in order that he might have additional exercise on his return from the scene of peril to which his prospects of prandial felicity were to be exposed.

Lord Hanworth and the two young ladies, with Valentine Vernon by way of protection, occupied one carriage; Mrs. Ramsay, Miss Adeline, Captain French, and General Allerton, filled a second. Sir Simon, with his son and heir, were together in another, as the young gentleman was to be gratified by pretending to drive. He, in fact, had better have been left to amuse himself at home, only his father thought that the presence of a child might be cited as some excuse for the expedition. Lady Howell and Lady Allerton were not of the party. The former was glad of a quiet morning among her flowers, and the latter had "her letters to write,"—for her ladyship conducted an enormous correspondence, and was always complaining of being in arrear with it.

A drive of a couple of hours brought the carriages near to the Priory.

"I think I see the ruin now," said Miss Somers.

"Meaning me, I suppose," answered Vernon; "for I am the only one in sight—a

ruin going to see a fellow-sufferer in the decline of life."

"No!" cried Hanworth; "I certainly see the Tower of the Priory."

"That tower," said Margaret, "must in former times have been first caught sight of by the pilgrims with very different feelings from ours."

"Perhaps not altogether so very different in kind, although no doubt more powerful in degree," rejoined Edith. "You know pilgrimages were one of the excitements of the days in which they flourished, just as picnic parties are of our own."

"For shame, Edith!" escaped from Margaret; and a smile passed across Lord Hanworth's countenance.

"For my part," continued Vernon, "I am disposed to agree with Miss Somers; I always do agree with her, and she knows that I shall support whatever she chooses to venture; but I would rather be a pilgrim to a pigeon-pie than a pilgrim with only the chance of eating the peas out of my own penitential shoes."

"Ah! Mr. Vernon, I know you are incorrigible," said Margaret. "Does the first view of these fine remains of the piety of other days excite in you no veneration for the devotion and self-sacrifice of the men who founded this once glorious establishment?"

"The devotion, I take it, had an immediate object in view—the greater the sinner, the greater the saint: and as for the self-sacrifice, I doubt if there was any of that. The money spent in building monasteries could neither have been put into the Three per Cents, nor laid out in good purchases of land; and if a gentleman choose to spend it in laborers' wages, instead of in making war upon his neighbors or his sovereign, I conjecture he found he got as much amusement out of it that way as the other. However, I suppose we ought to feel obliged to the builder of Cowlington to-day, for to him we owe it that we are now here; and if you want to praise him, I am bound in common decency to listen to you."

"We may at least all join," said Lord Hanworth, "in praising the taste, whosoever it was, which selected this beautiful spot for the building; and those of us who are artists can at the same time call up a vision of the magnificence of the perfect edifice, and perhaps

be grateful to the destroyers who put it in the way of becoming so picturesque."

Margaret had her drawing materials by her side, at which Hanworth glanced as he spoke; but she only said—

"I don't know why they were put in the carriage: I shall have no time to do anything to-day;" and before the proper remonstrances could be made against her modesty or indolence, they stopped at the outer gate of admission to the precincts of the monastery.

The rest of the party had already entered, but Sir Simon stood at the portal to receive his friends; and when all were again assembled together on the piece of velvet greenward in the centre of the quadrangle, there was some delay in proceeding until the gardener could be found who had the keys of the church. Although it was a private day on which the ruins were not generally shown, Sir Simon's party were not the only persons present, for a photographic artist had established his camera in one corner, and was busily engaged in taking views with it.

"There," said Lord Hanworth, "is one other person who certainly prefers the ruin to the complete building."

"And yet," questioned Margaret, "are not the details of architectural symmetry better suited to the science of the photographer than all that picturesqueness of decay that gives such pleasant indulgence to the feeling and expression of an artist?"

"You mean, I suppose," said Hanworth, "that he is using a mechanical contrivance to create a picture, and therefore that the more regular and mechanical the subject, the better fitted it must be for the application of his implement. But that is not exactly true, because some of the most successful and beautiful architectural photographs are from the quaintest and most irregular subjects. After all, I suppose it is only because they are incapable of motion that buildings come out so well, and that is an advantage they have in common with statues, and indeed with all inanimate objects."

"Aye, I wish they would stick to inanimate objects," cried Vernon, "or at least not meddle with the human face divine."

"Yes; 'they imitate humanity most abominably,'" chimed in Mrs. Ramsay. "And no daughter or young friend of mine shall ever sit 'too much ' the sun' for her portrait."

"Putting aside the want of color, and all the disadvantages with which we are familiar," said Lord Hanworth, "and supposing the process to be mechanically perfect, and able to reproduce at pleasure an exact fac-simile of the sitter, yet its very instantaneousness is fatal to the highest truth of resemblance."

"That is not peculiar to photography," said Edith. "Does not Campbell say, 'painting, mute and motionless, steals but a glance at Time.' And is not this just what the photographer does?"

"Not exactly; and Campbell's *fine* must not be quoted in support of your notion," replied Lord Hanworth. "A picture can of course only represent things or persons as seen at one instant; but that one instant is an imaginary one, and has been chosen by the mental power of the painter from his observations of many instants, which have contributed to form the one ultimately selected for perpetuation. A greater than Campbell has written, 'That is the best part of beauty which a picture cannot express; no, nor the first sight of the life.' Lenses and chemicals cannot be expected to succeed where the eye itself fails."

"Well, well," interrupted General Allerton, rather impatient at the discussion; "if we stand talking here much longer, the gentleman in the corner will be taking our portraits, whether we like it or not; and we shall find ourselves in all the shop-windows of Calverwells. So let us be moving. Here come the keys."

This motion was seconded by Sir Simon, who was always extremely sensitive to the mention of Calverwells, and declined being in any manner talked of in connection with it.

"It would certainly be unpleasant to be exposed to that. We have been standing here quite long enough."

And following the authorized guardian of the place, the whole party moved onwards, across the quadrangle, round which the dormitories probably stood formerly, and into the cloisters which led to all that was left of the church.

"Have you known these ruins long?" inquired Margaret of their conductor, an old man, with a reverend silver beard, which she longed to transfer to her sketch-book.

"Why, yes, Miss. Man and boy, I've known them these sixty years and upwards."

"Have they changed much in that time?"

"Aye, aye; many a good bit of them have I seen come down; and now it takes a deal of money to keep the ruins in repair. For all that, last winter's frost brought down a great piece off the large tower; and I would advise none of you ladies and gentlemen to go near the place where it fell, for I think it's all rotten above, and a stone might fall at any time."

So they went round the ruins. The old man told his accustomed tale, which was courteously listened to, and then they strolled about in groups, and talked or were silent at intervals.

Lord Hanworth and the young ladies talked architecture, and were learned about early English, Decorated, and Perpendicular. Captain French and Miss Allerton talked over the merits of the last ball they had been at together; and then treated a hypothetical case of a young couple marrying in high life "not very rich," and endeavored to settle whether such an imaginary pair could do with only a brougham in London, and whether a country-house was habitable without a billiard-room—a topic which seemed to require a great deal of attention, and which gradually led them away to a distance from the others, for the greater convenience of discussion. General Allerton thought Vernon a bore because he did not understand him, a sentiment which was very cordially reciprocated by the ex-official, because there was nothing to understand in General Allerton; and Mrs. Ramsay, left for a time between them, found it difficult to keep the peace. She indeed had little attention to spare from the other group; and eagerly watched every gesture of Lord Hanworth as he pointed to wall or window, and put her own interpretation upon each look and movement. Sir Simon had a favorite speech on the Poor Laws, which he usually introduced when visiting Cowlington Priory, *apropos* to the suppression of the monasteries; and he hovered about Lord Hanworth, waiting for a favorable moment to commence upon it. His facts were generally all wrong, and his only argument was an appeal to his descent from the original of his great family portrait—an argument which admitted of no dispute, and which was always produced when he got into any difficulties—not, indeed, that a gentleman talking nonsense is by any means always aware of being in difficulties. But in Sir Simon's own mind, the circumstance of his

great-grandfather having been a Chancellor of the Exchequer, constituted himself a great financial authority; and it was perhaps well for his friends that he was content to rest his claims upon that only. On the present occasion, however, just as Sir Simon was catching at a remark that one of the later windows could hardly have been finished when the storm of the Reformation swept down upon the building, a door opened, and a servant coming from it announced that luncheon was ready.

General Allerton's face lighted up visibly. Vernon stopped in the middle of a sentence which was to expose General Allerton's last piece of ignorance. Mrs. Ramsay took Sir Simon's arm. Miss Allerton and the Captain were summoned; and all passed into a rough chamber where enough had been done to make the more romantic of the party regret that they were to be so comfortable. They actually had a table with a cloth upon it—chairs to sit upon—and had not even to wait on themselves or each other. So that if Mr. Vernon had not upset a hamper, and caused the breakage of the champagne as he shuffled blindly round the room to find a place at the table, every thing would have passed off almost as if they had been at luncheon in the usual room at Elderslie; and customary associations were so far predominant, that this part of the day's business, thanks to Sir Simon's precautions, did not offer any features of undignified exhilaration. Indeed, the only person who was sorry to quit the room was young Simon Percy, who had revelled in an extent of good things which would have been hardly possible at home; for Mrs. Ramsay was not so fond of the usual responsibilities of a grandmamma as to think it her duty to supply the place of his absent mother, and restrain the appetites of the boy.

Another general stroll round the ruins was to occupy the time for preparing the carriages to return homewards, and a few steps brought the party to the angle of the building described as dangerous. A light fence had been placed round the spot, within which lay a few fallen blocks, from which the eye naturally ascended to seek the more recently fractured surfaces of stone from which they had detached themselves. As all stood gazing upwards, and Sir Simon was again preparing himself to make his remarks on the Poor Laws, a gaudy butterfly alighted and ex-

panded its wings upon a small bush within the forbidden ground. Before he could be stopped, the boy darted from his father's side to get a closer view of the insect, and at the same moment a loud rending sound made all start, and voices from every side called to Simon Percy to come back. But it was too late; a large stone had left its resting-place of ages, and was actually in the middle of its descent to the earth before the precise danger was perceived. There was barely time for any one to do any thing, if indeed the fascination of terror had not almost paralyzed all. But Edith, who was standing at that part of the fence nearest to the child, who in the bewilderment did not know which way to turn or run, burst through the slender railing, and seizing him by the shoulder, dragged him backwards just as the huge mass fell with a heavy thud, and dented deep into the turf upon the very spot occupied by him one instant before. All thought he was saved, and a burst of joy and thankfulness was on every lip, when the boy turned deadly pale, and blood began to flow down his face. It was evident that one of the smaller fragments which accompanied the large stone in its fall had struck him, and that the injury might prove to be a serious one. The course, however, to be taken was clear. No medical advice could be had nearer than Calverwells, and it was at once decided to take the poor child straight home, while a servant, mounting General Allerton's horse, was to ride to the town and summon the family attendant, or in his absence some one else, to proceed to meet his patient at Elderslie. Soon they were again in the carriages; but on their saddened return in different order from that of the morning. Simon Percy was Margaret's care, and on her lap he lay on the road home. Mrs. Ramsay and Edith followed Margaret and her charge to that carriage, and Hanworth was about to leave them to find a seat elsewhere, but was invited by Mrs. Ramsay to take his place as before. He might be useful, as they had lost their servant.

Poor Mrs. Ramsay, whose affections were as strong as her understanding was weak, was very deeply moved—not affectedly sentimental, but seriously agitated. She loved her grandson not less than his mother did; and her fears, as was natural, greatly exaggerated his injury. The sight of Margaret's

handkerchief reddened by his blood made her turn pale; and she leant back in the carriage, trembling and sobbing, forgetting to quote, and rendered respectable for the moment by real strong feeling. Edith held her hand compassionately, and said,

"I do not think, dear Mrs. Ramsay, that he is much hurt, but he has been frightened; and you know it is natural that he should for the present appear much shaken. It was an alarming position for him."

But while she tried to encourage Mrs. Ramsay, her own face was pale. As she turned from Mrs. Ramsay to the little boy her eyes met Lord Hanworth's grave look, and he said,

"I am afraid *you* are not unhurt."

"I assure you," she replied, "I was not touched—not even grazed; and it was better for me than for those who looked on."

Her voice shook a little as she spoke; but she was determined to command her own emotions, and to feel only for Margaret and her mother. While she stooped towards Margaret, and took her hand, Lord Hanworth stooped forward too, to look at the boy, and unclasped his belt, which was uncomfortably tight, as he lay across Margaret's lap. He gently asked him if he felt better, and if he thought he could sit up; and Simon Percy said he would try, only he was afraid of making his face bleed and of seeing the blood; on which Hanworth took out his own handkerchief and bound it carefully round his temples. Edith adjusted his cap over it, and Margaret supported him in a sitting posture with her arm. After a while the sense of the fresh air and the exhilaration of the movement through it, began to revive him. He announced himself much better, and soon talked in his accustomed manner.

"How lucky," said he, "that I was saved. If Edith Somers hadn't caught me, I might have been killed; then Harry would have been heir to Elderslie; but papa and mamma would have been very sorry, wouldn't they, aunt Margaret? for mamma calls me her own particular pet. And Edith Somers might have been killed, too, mightn't she, aunt Margaret?"

"For God's sake, my dear child," said Margaret, passionately, "don't go on supposing such terrible things as these. Let us be thankful for your deliverance, and suppose nothing more."

"Come," said Edith, "aunt Margaret is getting tired. Now that you feel well, come to me."

But as she spoke, Lord Hanworth drew him upon his own knee, and there he sat contentedly till they reached home.

On their arrival Lady Howell was informed that her boy was safe before she knew that he had been in any danger; and afterwards Sir Simon related the adventure at considerable length. But before it was quite finished the medical man arrived, and then Simon Percy was duly examined, and was pronounced quite uninjured. The hurt on the temple was trifling, and would leave no mark. It might be well to put him to bed early, in a soothing point of view; but there was really no cause for any sort of uneasiness. Upon this there was a great shaking of hands, and bowing and smiling at the doctor, as a man is always pleasant who gives pleasant tidings. Lady Howell, with an emotion quite uncommon with her, walked across the room, and kissed Edith; and Lord Hanworth, with a sudden impulse, shook hands with Lady Howell. Mrs. Ramsay recovered her complexion, her affectations, and her poetical extracts, and described very particularly to Lady Howell and Lady Allerton, Lord Hanworth's demeanor in the carriage, and his silent attention to Margaret's feelings, asserting, in a tone of hysterical exaltation, that "not a hair perished," and that "on their sustaining garments not a blemish, but fresher than before."

CHAPTER VII.

THE day after an eventful day is apt to be a dull day—flat, empty, and tedious—a day that is always looking back, and therefore inattentive to what is going on. And so it might have been at Elderslie after the excursion to the Priory, but that Lady Howell was resolved that so it should not be. She was a skilful hostess and no sooner were the incidents at the Priory enough discussed than she excited the general interest of her guests by the announcement that there was to be an archery meeting on her lawn in three days from that time.

"And there couldn't be a better meeting," said Lady Allerton; "there's nothing like archery for bringing young people together."

"That's why I'm asked," said Vernon.

"No, Mr. Vernon," replied Lady Allerton,

who was a very young-looking woman of her age, "you and I, who are well stricken in years, are asked to make an effective contrast to the rest."

"Ah, Lady Allerton, where are your years? not on your person—you have some way of getting rid of them. You dispose of them to your hair-dresser or to your lady's-maid. But the blessed advantages of science and art are not available to me, and that's the worst of being an old *man*."

Lady Allerton reddened through her rouge and walked to the window, inwardly meditating future revenge.

"What tremendous fun it will be," said Adeline; "and luckily I brought all my archery things with me."

"It will be glorious fun," said Captain French; "and luckily I brought all my togery with me."

"Margaret, dear, have you remembered yours?" asked Lady Howell.

"Oh, yes; you told me once always to bring it here."

"But I have no bow," said Edith.

"I witness this, that every miss but me has got a beau," muttered Mrs. Ramsay, quoting a comic song of Hood's, and half ashamed this time of her inverted commas.

"You may have mine," said Lady Howell, for I don't mean to shoot myself."

"But do you mean to shoot any of us?" asked Vernon.

"No, Mr. Vernon," said Lady Allerton, "Lady Howell will leave that business or that sport to you."

"There be some sports are painful, and their labor delight in them takes off," said Mrs. Ramsay.

"I would do my best, Lady Allerton," said Vernon, "but that unluckily, like Miss Somers, I have no bow."

"I dare say you're glad to be like Miss Somers, even in a defect."

"You've said so for me; if you hadn't, I should have been too bashful. Now I shall try to make a merit of it, and say it out loud. Miss Somers, I'm very glad that I have got no bow, because it makes me like you."

Lord Hanworth, who had been engaged before in playing with Simon Percy at drafts, turned round at this speech, and looked first at Vernon and then attentively at Edith.

"He is actually trying to trace a likeness,"

said Vernon; and Hanworth withdrew his eyes, and, addressing Margaret, said—

"Miss Ramsey, is it true that Miss Somers is unprovided for archery?"

"I believe not," replied Margaret; "I think my sister has provided for her."

"And I conclude Sir Simon will provide for me," said Vernon.

Lady Howell laughed. Lady Allerton shrugged her shoulders.

Sir Simon stepped deliberately forward and began a deliberate harangue. He trusted he could provide for Mr. Vernon—he had no doubt he could provide for Mr. Vernon—he had a bow, a beautiful bow, the best bow in the country—whenever he drew that bow he was sure to make a famous hit. He was not ashamed to say that he had been a great marksman—he was not ashamed to say that he believed he might have been the champion of England—he was not ashamed to say that he was a good marksman no longer, for when his immediate and close attendance was required to public affairs, he had thought it his duty to shoot no more. His bow remained idle and unstrung, and it was very much at Mr. Vernon's service. This was the end of his speech.

"I am very glad of it," said Vernon; "and if the bow's so good, I'll try hard to make good use of it. If Lady Allerton will be so kind as to kneel down for me to-morrow, I'll shoot a pipkin off her best bonnet, and Miss Ramsey shall draw me in the character of William Tell, and Charlton shall write a sonnet about it."

"Charlton has written something about liberty and William Tell, I fancy," said Lady Allerton, disdainfully.

"I believe," said Sir Simon, pompously, that the story of William Tell and the apple is now generally supposed to be a mere fable."

"And I believe," said Lord Hanworth, "that all history is now generally supposed to be a mere fable."

"If it's all a fable I needn't learn it," cried Simon Percy, clapping his hands and laughing.

"My dear, don't excite yourself," said his mother; "it's bad for your poor, dear head after your accident."

"And it's really no use," said Edith; "for you must learn it just the same as if it were true. There is hardly any thing true in this world, and if we learnt nothing but what is true, we should all be very idle indeed."

"Is *that* true?" said Margaret, addressing Lord Hanworth.

"I suppose it is true that Miss Somers thinks so," replied Hanworth, glancing at Edith.

"Now," said Lady Howell, "whatever you think on other matters, I am decided that you are to think this of your archery meeting, that the prizes are worth fighting for, and that to do honor to Sir Simon's house, his guests must win them."

"What are they?" said Lady Allerton.

"A bracelet for the lady, and a silver arrow for the gentleman."

"Poor, dear gentleman!" said Lady Allerton, "what will he do with it? This is one of the few occasions in which the lady comes off the best."

"It's well known," said Vernon, "that we care more for the glory of the thing and less for the gain."

"The glory is all," said Captain French. "We must set to work; we must indeed."

"We must string our bows and practise uncommonly hard," said Adeline.

"We must practice confoundedly hard," said Captain French.

The afternoon was accordingly passed in severe practise: if it had been a drill ordered by Government it would no doubt have been pronounced cruel, but as a matter of choice, it was esteemed pleasant, and the archers marched up and down between their targets, for three hours, under a broiling sun, without a murmur. Only once or twice Vernon gave a little groan, but it was soon suppressed, and he was consoled by the care that Edith used in trying to teach him. The conversation at dinner chiefly concerned the exercise of the day, and it was pronounced that Miss Allerton was the best shot, which would have made Lady Allerton very happy, only that it appeared to make Captain French very happy too. After dinner, Margaret and Adeline found themselves strolling together on the terrace. There was no sympathy between them generally, but just now there seemed to be some feeling common to them both. Margaret was abstracted and dreamy, and Adeline seemed to be thinking also—for five minutes.

At last,—"How very well Lord Hanworth shoots," said Margaret.

"Oh, yes; and how uncommonly clever

and kind Captain French is in picking up the arrows," said Adeline.

"I confess that archery is a pursuit in which I could become deeply interested," said Margaret, "and I wish that I shot better."

"Oh, it's only a knack, easily learned by practice," said the good-natured Adeline; "and I should be extremely glad to help you on. I can quite understand your being anxious about it (meaningly) because of a certain lord; and I hope you'll win the lady's prize, for I'm sure he'll win the gentleman's—he's so particularly sure and true, and his composure is such a help to him."

"Yes, he is very sure and true," said Margaret; and she added, in a tone of regret, "I wish that I had half his composure."

"Oh, you'll soon learn it," said Adeline; "it's all a knack. Now, I'll tell you what, my dear child—only don't you tell of me—I mean to be up preposterously early to-morrow morning before breakfast to practise, and I believe Captain French means to come too, and I hope you'll join us, and you may tell Lord Hanworth of course, only nobody else."

Margaret did not wish either to assist at a meeting with Captain French, or to invite Lord Hanworth to it, and replied with decision,—"By no means, by no means; pray, Miss Allerton, don't propose such a thing: as for me it is out of the question. I can do nothing before breakfast."

"Hush! not so loud," whispered Adeline, pressing her arm tightly; "my mother will hear."

A sharp voice at this moment called Adeline, and a soft one said "Margaret."

"Our mothers are calling us," said Adeline, continuing her whisper: "and see, the gentlemen have come into the drawing-room, and Lady Howell is going to sing, and do you know I really do think her singing intensely good; don't you? Do you know only yesterday Captain French was remarking to me that it was a thousand times better than most amateur singing, and papa said it's not at all like amateur singing."

"I quite agree," said Margaret, "that it is unlike most amateur singing, for it is careful and skilful, and there is due attention paid both to the words and to their accompaniment."

"Yes," said Adeline, "and though Lady

Howell is not exactly a feeling person herself, her singing is really immensely expressive."

"She has a true feeling for music," replied Margaret; "and as to the words, she makes use of her understanding."

"And most amateurs, you know," said Adeline, "have so little understanding, or else they're uncommonly slovenly."

With this they entered the drawing-room through the conservatory. Lady Howell was singing the well-known ballad of,—

"If she be not fair for me,
What care I how fair she be,"

and her rich voice and clear accentuation riveted the attention upon the words and meaning of the song. General Allerton, who added a taste for music to his taste for eating, applauded the song vociferously, and said, "It's all good together; words, and tune, and voice; by Heaven it is, it's deucedly good; by Heaven, it's confoundedly good."

"Yes, it's confoundedly good," said Captain French.

"The two things I most admire in the song," said Lady Allerton, "are the singing and the sentiment; don't you, Lord Hanworth?"

Lady Allerton never left Lord Hanworth alone for more than two minutes on principle, hoping at once to disengage him from the Ramsays and to win him for her daughter by means of her own attractions. Lord Hanworth looked up quietly from a treatise on archery he was turning over.

"As to the singing," said he, "I believe there can be but one opinion."

"Oh! of course," replied Lady Allerton, "the singer being present."

"Quite independent of the singer's presence."

"Well, but you say nothing as to the sentiment."

"The sentiment belongs to a man who has no sentiment; in fact, to a sensible man."

"Ah, my lord (archly), you know it is just such a man as you."

"I *don't* know; I have no reason to believe that I am a sensible man."

"That's because you've not been tried, Hanworth, as I have," said Vernon. "Now, I know I'm a sensible man, because I thought the lady ugly directly she had said *no* to me."

"I confess," replied Hanworth, "I doubt whether I could aspire to such a degree of sense as that."

"I can't imagine you, however," said Lady Allerton, turning towards Adeline, who was looking out of window with Captain French, "mooning about after a disdainful fair one."

"I can't imagine myself mooning about after any thing," said Lord Hanworth; "but I can't suppose that I should think a woman's beauty less because she thought nothing of mine."

He smiled as he spoke, and turned towards Edith, who was leaning against the pianoforte, and then he rose, and leant over the back of the chair on which Margaret was seated. Margaret had been an attentive listener to the dialogue, and now feeling conscious of Lord Hanworth's approach, she looked up for a moment approvingly at him, and said in a low tone—"You are surely right." She was drawing on a piece of letter-paper, and her pencil fell from her hand. Hanworth picked it up, and as he gave it to her said, "what are you drawing?" She held the paper towards him. His face was suddenly flushed, and with more eagerness than he usually betrayed, he said, "How excellent!" Margaret's face was now flushed too, and she said in faltering tones, "I am glad you think so. I was anxious to do justice to the subject."

"You have, you have," said Hanworth, and he caught hold of the sketch as if to retain it but Margaret gently drew it from him, and said, "it is not yet finished."

Lord Hanworth gave it back to her, trying to look as if he had not intended to keep it.

"What is the subject of this *admirable* sketch?" asked Lady Allerton, with an emphasis on the word *admirable* that seemed to mean abominable.

Neither Margaret nor Hanworth was able to reply, and Vernon leant over with his glasses and said, "Oh, it's our adventure of yesterday; Simon Percy in danger, and Miss Somers coming to the rescue. Miss Somers is very like, and so I'm sure its done for me."

"No," said Lady Howell, "that subject must be for me."

Margaret continued her drawing, and was silent; Lord Hanworth walked to the window; Adeline and Captain French walked out of it; Lady Allerton with an angry shrug of her shoulders, went out after them, muttering that the night dew was bad for Adeline.

"Put up your bright swords, the dew will rust them," said Mrs. Ramsay, and followed them all three.

"What a beautiful night," said Edith. "Look, Margaret, look how the moon has risen out of those clouds; see how she drives them from her; you see they cannot darken her face—she brightens them; and now she seems to have gone into far blue depths quite beyond them."

"Charlton would tell us that this is how a fine soul should deal with its troubles," said Hanworth.

"And so it should," replied Edith.

"No," said Hanworth; "a fine soul should have none."

"Sophia, are the Charltons coming to-morrow?" asked Margaret.

"Yes; they are to come to-morrow to have two days of good practice before the archery."

"Oh, how very glad I am," said Edith.

"And oh, how very envious I am," said Vernon. "How I wish, Miss Somers, that I were a poet, to make you glad of my presence."

"Any one can be a poet that chooses," said Sir Simon; "it is only just to think a little, and get a pen and write down your thoughts, and cut them into syllables and count them out, and then the thing's done easy enough. I mean, of course, blank verse, like Wordsworth's; rhyme like Pope's is rather more difficult."

Margaret and Edith interchanged a look—it was irresistible; and Lord Hanworth too looked back from the window with a smile.

"Nobody writes like Pope now-a-days," said Lady Howell, who knew the fashion in every department.

"No; we all write like Wordsworth now," said Hanworth, "don't we? Isn't that so, Miss Ramsay, Miss Somers?"

"Yes; like Wordsworth and Shakspeare," replied Edith.

"Just so," said Sir Simon, with perfect good faith; "all blank verse."

And now the four who had gone out to look at the moon entered. Adeline flung herself down on a settee, very hot; her mother flung herself down on an ottoman, very cross; Captain French whistled a tune in the window, and whistled it false; Mrs. Ramsay stretched herself exhausted on the sofa, and said—"On such a night as this—oh dear me!—sit Jessica."

"What an artful little puss that Jessica was," said Vernon.

"An artful little devil!" cried Lady Allerton, with sudden emphasis.

"Why—what was her devilry?" asked Hanworth.

"She ran away with a beggar, and robbed her father!" said Lady Allerton, with a flashing look at her daughter.

"But I suppose," said Hanworth, "she was anxious to secure a good dowry for her husband, and he was really a better man than her father. Besides, she did it because she was very much in love, and it is held as a virtue to be very much in love."

"So it is, if you're in love with the right person. But this is not a subject to discuss with you, Lord Hanworth; you have studied books, not women,—you can't be expected to know what a woman ought to be."

"And yet I believe I do know," said Hanworth; and his looks followed the figures of Margaret and Edith, who were now strolling together on the terrace. He left Lady Allerton and joined them.

"I wonder," said Edith, "how many sonnets have been written in all, since the time when sonnets first began, to the moon."

"I wonder," said Margaret, "of all the poetry addressed to the moon, how much was worth writing."

"Southey," said Hanworth, "has been a successful moonlight painter. Do you happen to remember some fine lines in his *Roderick*?" and looking up, he repeated, with his melodious voice—

"How calmly gliding through the dark blue sky
The midnight moon ascends! Her placid beams,
Through thinly-scattered leaves and boughs grotesque,
Mottle with mazy shade the orchard slope."

Here he paused for a moment; and Margaret murmured, "Oh, go on." He then continued—

"A lovelier, purer light than that of day
Rests on the hills; and oh how awfully,
Into that deep and tranquil firmament
The summits of Anseva rise serene!
The watchman on the battlements partakes
The stillness of the solemn hour; he feels
The silence of the earth; the endless sound
Of flowing water soothes him; and the stars,
Which in that brightest moonlight well nigh
quenched,
Scarce visible, as in the utmost depth
Of yonder sapphire infinite are seen,
Draw on with elevating influence

Towards Eternity the attempted mind.
 Musing on worlds beyond the grave, he
 stands,
 And to the Virgin Mother silently
 Breathes forth her hymn of praise."

When he came to the end of the passage, Margaret was still hanging on the sound in a kind of rapture, and Edith herself could not refuse to be charmed with tones so peculiarly, so exquisitely sweet. Lord Hanworth's voice was full and clear, and there was a sense of melody in his recitation that made a tune to the words, or rather that suffered the words to make their own tune, while all the modulations of passion were true, tender, and delicate. It was an irresistible music; and it was followed by silence—for common terms of praise refuse themselves to genuine feeling. When Edith did, after a long pause, speak, it was only to say, "I wonder that Southey's poetry is so unpopular, so little known; there is so much in it that deserves to be admired."

"I cannot say," replied Hanworth, "that I share your wonder on this head, though I do agree with you that there is much in it that deserves to be admired. There is also little to be loved. Southey's imagination too often amuses itself beyond the boundaries of human sympathies, he too often allows his learning to encumber him, and he is too fond of strange gods. When he talks to me quietly and feelingly of a moonlight night, as in the passage I have just quoted, I listen to him with pleasure; but when he seeks to lead me through his subterranean caverns to contemplate his Hindoo gods or devils, I stumble and faint at the entrance."

"I have been all through all the scenes of *Thalaba*," said Edith, "with great delight; and it seems to me a more original, a more imaginative, and even a more passionate poem than *Roderick*. Do you remember the description of night there—that fine description of the moon shining upon the desert, with the solitary mother and her child?"

"Yes," said Hanworth; "there you have instanced the one scene of true poetry that occurs in the whole long poem. How much there is besides of overcharged imagery, of supernatural tedium, with angels of death and maidens of snow, and sentiments with which we cannot sympathize! I admit the brilliancy of Southey's fancy, and the extent of his capacity; but I do not find fault with

the public for not loving his poetry, since I cannot love it myself."

"I am sorry," said Edith, "to hear *Thalaba* spoken of so slightly. It is a poem that I care for very much."

"It is," said Margaret, "a favorite with Mr. Charlton, and he has read out to us from it many choice passages."

"That must account for Miss Somers's approval," said Hanworth.

"No," replied Edith, with something of resentment perceptible in her tone, for she detected a shade of satire in his. "I should certainly be inclined to defer to the taste of such a man, and to a great extent to submit my judgment to his; but it could not make me like what I disliked."

"What, then, is the meaning of *deferring to the taste and submitting to the judgment*?"

"I did not say that I actually deferred, only that I *inclined* to defer."

"The distinction is a nice one; and I believe it is a feminine characteristic to follow the inclination."

"Do you mean," said Margaret, "that we always follow our impulses?"

"I believe I do; but then, you know, your impulses are always good."

As he spoke, Lady Allerton appeared at the open window, and said, "Lady Howell has rung for the bed-room candles, and we are all retiring."

On this they entered the drawing-room, and as they were passing out into the ante-chamber, Adeline whispered in a loud whisper to Edith,—

"I am going to practise early at the target to-morrow morning: do join me, there's a good creature."

"With pleasure," said Edith, quite unsuspectingly; and at that same moment Lord Hanworth, who had just handed Margaret's candle to her, came up, and said,

"Good night."

The two friends were both apparently exhausted with the practice of the day, for they spoke less than young ladies generally are wont to speak when they are supposed to be sleeping, and much less than was their own particular custom. The morning, however, found them with recovered spirits; and Edith, while she was dressing, informed Margaret of Adeline's invitation to her for early practice, and her acceptance of it.

"You had better not go," said Margaret; "Adeline is a very foolish girl."

"I am certainly not prepared to say that she is not a foolish girl; but she is, nevertheless a good shot, and by practising with her I am not likely to catch any of her folly, while I may possibly catch something of her skill."

"Are you aware that Captain French is engaged to meet her? That is why I refused to do so. He is an intolerable coxcomb; and besides, it has too much the air of an appointment."

"Why, if he is engaged to meet her, it is an appointment; and I suppose we are wanted to take off somewhat from that appearance. This, I must say, alters my feeling; and yet, poor girl, it may perhaps be unkind to expose her to the anger of that intriguing, odious mother. Margaret, I have sometimes thought myself (Edith's voice fell while she spoke) especially unhappy in having no mother; but I am sure it is better to be motherless than to be the daughter of Lady Allerton."

"You must try to look on my dear mother as yours," said Margaret, caressing her; for Margaret was so fond of her mother that she saw no fault in her, and Lady Howell's unconcealed contempt for Mrs. Ramsay's understanding was a frequent subject of division between the sisters.

"Your mother," replied Edith, "has indeed been an always kind friend to me. But come, let us peep out of the window and discover our archers."

"There they are," said Margaret, "both before the target; but talking, not shooting."

There they were, indeed; Adeline in a becoming morning costume, and Captain French surveying it as if he thought so. They took two or three turns, and then Adeline took a shot. She hit the gold. Captain French clapped his hands, but they were just then interrupted. A third joined them. It was Lord Hanworth. A sudden color on Margaret's face reflected itself for a moment on Edith's, and they withdrew from the window. Margaret was very much agitated, and to Edith's surprise she hurriedly put on her garden hat.

"Why, Margaret, where are you going? Not to join them? You told me you had refused to go."

"Oh! but it was quite foolish, quite needless—you said you were going. I shall go too. You were certainly right. I am sure it is much better and much kinder to go."

"But I am not sure, Margaret. The only motive, the hope to be of use to Adeline by

breaking the *titic-a-tite*, is removed by Lord Hanworth's presence."

"I don't care about motives. I intend to go. Come with me, Edith; if you have any regard for me, come with me. But I shall go whether you do or not."

Margaret moved to the door as she spoke. Edith perceived that it was in vain to seek to detain her, and hoping to shield her from any impertinent observations, she accompanied her, but it was with an indescribable feeling of reluctance that she did so. This indefinable sense of something wrong was however relieved by the evident pleasure with which Hanworth greeted them, and presently she was able to interest herself in the progress of the shooting, and to feel glad that Hanworth was, contrary to the general expectation, a better marksman than the young Captain. In a little time Simon Percv joined them, and freely made his remarks.

"What fun archery is! Papa says that our archery meeting will be a splendid thing. Mamma says that nobody else in the country has such fine grounds for it. I wonder what my great, great, great-grandfather in his robes in the library will think of it? People are to have ice in the library. Captain French never hits the target. His arrows always fly too high. I know that, because I heard Lady Allerton say so last night. I want Edith Somers to win the lady's prize, because she saved my life; but still I love aunt Margaret best, because she's my own aunt. Mamma says Lord Hanworth will win the silver arrow."

"If I do I will give it to you."

"And I shall give it to aunt Margaret. Oh, no, I forgot,—I must give it to Edith Somers, because papa says I owe her a debt of gratitude."

Edith smiled, and said she would give him credit. Adeline and Captain French laughed loudly, and Adeline said aside to the captain,

"He ought to be Hanworth's son, he's such a prose."

At which aside the coxcomb laughed more loudly still. The sound of his laugh brought Lady Allerton to them, with a smile on her lips that tried to cover a contraction on her brow as she surveyed the party, according to her eye so badly grouped. For Hanworth, Margaret, Edith, and the child occupied the foreground, and Adeline and Captain French were together in the distance.

"Adeline," said she, "you have practised too much before breakfast. Your father is quite astonished that you can do it."

This was the signal for all to leave the archery-ground for the breakfast-room, where General Allerton was just making the first incision into a Perigord pie.

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From The Quarterly Review.

1. *The Life of James Watt.* By James Patrick Muirhead, Esq., M. A. 1 vol. 8vo. London, 1858.
2. *The Origin and Progress of the Mechanical Inventions of James Watt, illustrated by his Correspondence with his Friends, and the Specifications of his Patents.* By James Patrick Muirhead, Esq., M. A. London, 1854. 3 vols.
3. *Memorials of the Lineage, Early Life, Education and Development of the Genius of James Watt.* By George Williamson, Esq. Edinburgh, 1856.

No country in the world presents such a combination of facilities for manufacture and commerce as England—coal and iron, ships and steam-engines, hardy seamen and ingenious mechanics. With these combined advantages the progress during the present century has been beyond example. In 1784 an American vessel arrived in Liverpool having on board as part of her cargo *eight bales of cotton*, which were seized by the custom-house officers under the conviction that they could not be the growth of America! Last year there were imported at Liverpool not less than a million and a half bales of cotton from the United States alone! The first steam-engine used in Manchester was not erected till 1790; it is now computed that in that city and the district within a radius of ten miles, there are more than fifty thousand boilers, giving a total power of upwards of a million of horses! The engine of Watt has proved the very Hercules of modern mythology, the united steam power of Great Britain being equal, it is estimated, to the manual labor of upwards of four hundred millions of men, or more than double the number of males supposed to inhabit the globe.

Mechanicians and engineers, unlike literary men, are never their own biographers. As an eminent living engineer lately observed, "We are so much occupied with doing the thing itself, that we have not the disposition, even if we had the leisure, to write about *how* it is done." The majority of the persons of this class have moreover risen from obscurity, and the companions among whom they passed their early days were, for the most part, like themselves, self-educated; neither caring to put on record what was worthy to be preserved, nor competent to record it. Hence these heroes of mechanical science passed away, leaving only their work behind them.

Hence little is known of Savery, the inventor of the first working atmospheric engine; and it is matter of doubt whether he was the captain of a ship or of a Cornish tin-mine. Nothing of the history of his rival and subsequent partner, Newcomen, is preserved, beyond the fact that he was a blacksmith and a Baptist. Even the distinguished inventors who have lived nearer to our own time have been scarcely more fortunate; for we do not yet possess a single respectable memoir of Arkwright, Crompton, Brindley, or Rennie. Happily, however, the greatest name in the roll of English inventors left behind him a large store of valuable materials, which have been published by his zealous relative Mr. Muirhead, and who has now crowned his long labors by an elaborate "Life of Watt," the expansion of a former Memoir, which comprises all that we are likely to learn of a man to whom we mainly owe the greatest commercial and social revolution in the entire history of the world.

James Watt was born at Greenock on the Clyde, on the 19th of January, 1736. His parents were of the middle class—honest, "God-fearing" people, with a character for probity which had descended to them from their "forebears," and was the proudest inheritance of the family. James Watt was thus emphatically well-born. His grandfather was a teacher of navigation and mathematics in the village of Cartdsyke, now part of Greenock, and dignified himself with the name of "Professor." But as Cartdsyke was as yet only an humble collection of thatched hovels, and the shipping of the Clyde was confined principally to fishing-boats, the probability is, that his lessons in navigation were of a very humble order. He was, however, a dignitary of the place, being Bailie of the Barony as well as one of the parish elders. His son, James Watt, the father of the engineer, settled at Greenock as a carpenter and builder. Greenock was then little better than a fishing village, consisting of a single row of thatched cottages lying parallel with the sandy beach of the Frith of Clyde. The beautiful shore, broken by the long, narrow sea locks running far away among the Argyleshire hills, and now fringed with villages, villas, and mansions, was then as lonely as Glencoe; and the waters of the Frith, now daily plashed by the paddles of almost innumerable Clyde steamers, were as yet undisturbed, save by the passing

of an occasional Highland coble. The prosperity of Greenock was greatly promoted by Sir John Shaw, the feudal superior, who succeeded in obtaining from the British Parliament, what the Scottish Parliament, previous to the Union, had refused, the privilege of constructing a harbor. Ships began after 1740 to frequent the pier, and then Mr. Watt added ship carpentering and dealing in ship's stores to his other pursuits. He himself held shares in ships, and engaged in several foreign mercantile ventures, some of which turned out ill, and involved him in embarrassments. A great deal of miscellaneous work was executed on his premises—household furniture and ship's carpentry—chairs and tables, figureheads and capstans, blocks, pumps, gun-carriages and dead-eyes. The first crane erected on the Greenock pier, for the convenience of the Virginia tobacco ships, was supplied from his stores. He even undertook to repair ship's compasses, as well as the commoner sort of nautical instruments then in use. These multifarious occupations were the result of the smallness of the place, while the business of a single calling was yet too limited to yield a competence. That Mr. Watt was a man of repute in his locality is shown by his having been elected one of the trustees to manage the funds of the borough in 1741, when Sir John Shaw divested himself of his feudal rights, and made them over to the inhabitants. Mr. Watt subsequently held office as town-treasurer, and as bailie or magistrate.

Agnes Muirhead, the bailie's wife, and the mother of James Watt, was long remembered in the place as an intelligent woman, bountifully gifted with graces of person as well as of mind and heart. She was of a somewhat dignified appearance; and it was said that she affected a superior style of living to her neighbors. One of these, long after, spoke of her as "a braw, braw woman, none like her now-a-days," and commented on the extraordinary fact of her having on one occasion no fewer than "two lighted candles on the table at the same time!" The bailie's braw wife was, perhaps, the only lady in Greenock who then dressed a-la-mode—the petticoat worn over a hoop, and curiously tucked up behind, with a towering head-dress over her powdered hair. This pretentious dame, as she appeared, probably did no more than adapt her mode of living to Mr. Watt's circumstances,

which seem to have enabled him to adopt a more generous style than was usual in small Scottish towns, where the people were, for the most part, very poor, and accustomed to slender fare.

From childhood James Watt was of an extremely fragile constitution, requiring the tenderest nurture. Unable to join in the rude play of healthy children, and confined almost entirely to the house, he acquired a shrinking sensitiveness which little fitted him for the rough battle of life; and when he was sent to the town school it caused him many painful trials. His mother had already taught him reading, and his father a little writing and arithmetic. His very sports proved lessons to him. His mother to amuse him encouraged him to draw with a pencil upon paper, or with chalk upon the floor, and he was supplied with a few tools from the carpenter's shop, which he soon learnt to handle with considerable expertness. The mechanical dexterity he acquired was the foundation upon which he built the speculations to which he owes his glory, nor without this manual training is there the least likelihood that he would have become the improver and almost the creator of the steam-engine. Mrs. Watt exercised an influence no less beneficial on the formation of his moral character; her gentle nature, strong good sense, and earnest, unobtrusive piety, strongly impressing themselves upon his young mind and heart. Nor were his parents without their reward; for as he grew up to manhood, he repaid their anxious care with warm affection. Mrs. Watt was accustomed to say that the loss of her only daughter, which she had felt so severely, had been fully made up to her by the dutiful attentions of her son.

From an early period he was subject to violent headaches, which confined him to his room for weeks together. It is in such cases as his that indications of precocity are generally observed, and parents would be less pleased at their appearance did they know that they are generally the symptoms of disease. Several remarkable instances of this precocity are related of Watt. On one occasion, when he was bending over a marble hearth with a piece of chalk in his hand, a friend of his father said, "You ought to send that boy to a public school, and not allow him to trifle away his time at home." "Look how my child is occupied," replied the father,

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"before you condemn him." Though only six years of age he was trying to solve a problem in geometry. On another occasion he was reproved by Mrs. Muirhead, his aunt, for his indolence at the tea-table: "James Watt," said the worthy lady, "I never saw such an idle boy as you are: take a book or employ yourself usefully; for the last hour you have not spoken one word, but taken off the lid of that kettle and put it on again, holding now a cup and now a silver spoon over the steam, watching how it rises from the spout, catching and counting the drops it falls into; are you not ashamed of spending your time in that way?" In the view of M. Arago, "the little James before the tea-kettle becomes the mighty engineer preparing the discoveries which were to immortalize him." In our opinion the judgment of the aunt was the truest. There is no reason to suppose that the mind of little James was occupied with philosophical considerations on the condensation of steam. This is an after-thought borrowed from his subsequent discoveries. Nothing is commoner than for children to be amused with such phenomena, in the same way that they will form air-bubbles in a cup of tea, and watch them sailing over the surface till they burst; and the probability is that little James was quite as idle as he seemed.

At school, where a parrot power of learning what is set down in the lesson-book is the chief element of success, Watt's independent observation and reflection did not enable him to distinguish himself, and he was even considered dull and backward for his age. He shone as little in the playground as in the class. The timid and sensitive boy found himself completely out of place in the midst of the boisterous juvenile republic. Against the tyranny of the elders he was helpless; their wild play was completely distasteful to him; he could not join in their sports, nor roam with them along the beach, nor take part in their hazardous exploits in the harbour. Accordingly they showered upon him contemptuous epithets; and the school being composed of both sexes, the girls joined in the laugh. Continual ailments, however, prevented his attendance for weeks together.

When not yet fourteen he was taken by his mother for change of air to some relatives at Glasgow—then a quiet place without a single long chimney, somewhat resembling a rural

market-town of the present day. He proved so wakeful during his visit, and so disposed to indulge in that story-telling which even Sir Walter Scott could admire at a late period of his life, that Mrs. Watt was entreated to take him home. "I can no longer bear the excitement in which he keeps me," said Mrs. Campbell, "I am worn out with want of sleep. Every evening before our usual hour of retiring to rest, he adroitly contrives to engage me in conversation, then begins some striking tale, and whether it be humorous or pathetic, the interest is so overpowering, that all the family listen to him with breathless attention; hour after hour strikes unheeded, but the next morning I feel quite exhausted. You must really take home your son." His taste for fiction never left him; and to the close of his days he took delight in reading a novel.

James Watt, having finished his education at the grammar-school of his native town, received no further instruction. As with all distinguished men, his extensive after-acquirements in science and literature were entirely the result of his own self-culture. Towards the end of his school career his strength seems to have grown; his progress was more rapid and decided; and before he left he had taken the lead of his class. But his best education was gathered from the conversation of his parents. Almost every cottage, indeed, in Scotland is a training-ground for their future men. How much of the unwritten and traditional history which kindles the Scotchman's nationality and tells upon his future life is gleaned at his humble fireside! Moreover the library shelf of Watt's home contained well-thumbed volumes of *Boston*, *Bunyan*, and "*The Cloud of Witnesses*," with *Harry the Rhymer's "Life of Wallace*," and old ballads tattered by frequent use. These he devoured greedily, and reread them until he had most of them by heart.

During holiday-times he indulged in rambles along the Clyde, sometimes crossing to the north shore and strolling up the *Gare Loch* and *Holy Loch*, and even as far as *Ben Lomond* itself. He was of a solitary disposition, and loved to wander by himself at night amidst the wooded pleasure-grounds which surrounded the old mansion-house overlooking the town, watching through the trees the mysterious movements of the stars. He became fascinated by the wonders of astronomy, and was stimulated to inquire into the science

by the nautical instruments which he found amongst his father's ship-stores. It was a peculiarity which characterized him through life, that he could not look upon any instrument or machine without being seized with a determination to unravel its mystery, and master the *rationale* of its uses. Before he was fifteen he had twice gone through with great attention S'Gravesande's Elements of Natural Philosophy, which belonged to his father. He performed many chemical experiments, and even contrived to make an electrical machine, much to the marvel of those who felt its shocks. Like most invalids, he read eagerly such books on medicine as came in his way. He went so far as to practise dissection; and on one occasion he was found carrying off the head of a child who had died of some uncommon disease. "He told," his son," says Mr. Muirhead, "that, had he been able to bear the sight of the sufferings of patients, he would have been a surgeon." In his rambles his love of wild flowers and plants lured him on to the study of botany. Ever observant of the aspects of nature, the violent upheavings of the mountain ranges on the northern shores of Loch Lomond next directed his attention to mineralogy. He devoured all the works which fell in his way; and on a friend advising him to be less indiscriminate, he replied, "I have never yet read a book, or conversed with a companion, without gaining information, instruction, or amusement." This was no answer to the admonition of his friend, who merely recommended him to bestow upon the best books the time he devoted to the worse. But the appetite for knowledge in inquisitive minds is, during youth, when curiosity is fresh and unslaked, too insatiable to be fastidious, and the volume which gets the preference is usually the first which comes in the way.

Watt was not a mere bookworm. In his solitary walks through the country he would enter the cottages of the peasantry, gather their local traditions, and impart to them information of a similar kind from his own ample stores. Fishing, which suited the tranquil character of his nature, was his single sport. When unable to ramble for the purpose, he could still indulge the pursuit while standing in his father's yard, which was open to the sea, and the water of sufficient depth at high tide to enable vessels of fifty or sixty tons to lie alongside.

Watt, as we have seen, had learnt the use of his hands, a highly serviceable branch of education, though not taught at schools or colleges. He could ply his tools with considerable dexterity, and he was often employed in the carpenter's shop, in making miniature cranes, pulleys, pumps, and capstans. He could work in metal, and a punch-ladle, of his manufacture, formed out of a large silver coin, is still preserved. His father had originally intended him to follow his own business of a merchant, but having sustained several heavy losses about this time—one of his ships having foundered at sea—and observing the strong bias of his son towards mechanical pursuits, he determined to send him to Glasgow to learn the trade of a mathematical instrument maker.

In 1754, when he was in his eighteenth year, he accordingly set out for Glasgow, which was as different from the Glasgow of 1858 as it is possible to imagine. Little did he dream, when he entered it a poor 'prentice lad, what it was afterwards to become through the result of his individual labors. Not a steam engine or a steamboat then disturbed the quiet of the town. There was a little quay on the Broomielaw, partly covered with broom; and this quay was fitted with a solitary crane, for which there was but small use, as boats of more than six tons could not ascend the Clyde. Often not a single masted vessel was to be seen in the river. The chief magnates of the place were the tobacco merchants and the professors of the college. Next to tobacco, the principal trade of the town with foreign countries was in grindstones, coals, and fish—Glasgow herrings being in great repute.

Inconsiderable though Glasgow was at the middle of last century, it was the only place in Scotland which exhibited signs of industrial prosperity. It is usual to speak of the progress of the United States as unparalleled, but we hold the development of Scottish industry to have been more extraordinary. The progress of America has been an importation rather than a growth; the progress of Scotland has been entirely its own work. About the middle of last century it was a poor and haggard country. Nothing could be more dreary than those Lowland districts which now perhaps exhibit the finest agriculture in the world. Wheat was so rare a plant that a field of eight acres within a

mile of Edinburgh attracted the attention of the whole neighborhood.* Even in the Lothians, Roxburgh, and Lanarkshire, little was to be seen but arid, bleak moors, and quaking bogs, with occasional patches of unenclosed and ill-cultivated land. Where manure was used, it was carried to the field on the back of the crofter's wife; the crops were carried to market on the back of the plough-horse, and occasionally on the backs of the crofter and his family. The country was without roads, and between the towns there were only rough tracks across moors. Goods were conveyed from place to place on packhorses. The trade between Glasgow and Edinburgh was conducted in the same rude way; and when carriers were established, the time occupied, going and coming, between Edinburgh and Selkirk—a distance of only thirty-eight miles,—was an entire fortnight. The road lay along Gala Water, and in summer the driver took his rude cart along the channel of the stream as being the most level and easy path. In winter the road was altogether impassable. Communication by coach was scarcely anywhere known. A caravan which was started between Glasgow and Edinburgh in 1749 took two days to perform the journey. For practical purposes, these towns were as distant from London as they now are from New York. As late as 1763 there was only one stage coach which ran to London. It set out from Edinburgh once a month, and the journey occupied from fifteen to eighteen days. Letters were mostly sent by hand, and after mails were established the postbags were often empty. Sir Walter Scott knew a man who remembered the London postbag, which contained the letters from all England to all Scotland, arriving in Edinburgh with only one letter. In 1707 the entire post-office revenue of Scotland was only one thousand one hundred and ninety-four pounds; in 1857 the penny postage of Glasgow alone produced sixty-eight thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven pounds. The custom dues of Greenock now produce more than five times the revenue derived from the whole of Scotland in the times of the Stuarts. The Clyde, which, less than a century ago, could scarcely admit the passage of a herring-boat, floats down with almost every tide vessels of thousands of tons burden, capable of wrest-

ling with the hurricanes of the Atlantic. The custom duties levied at the port of Glasgow have been increased from one hundred and twenty-five pounds in 1796, to seven hundred and eighteen thousand eight hundred and thirty-five pounds in 1856. The advance has been nearly the same in all the other departments of Scotch industry.

At Glasgow Watt in vain sought to learn the trade of a mathematical instrument maker. The only person in the place dignified with the name of "optician" was an old mechanic, who sold and mended spectacles, constructed and repaired fiddles, tuned the few spinnets of the town and neighborhood, and eked out a slender living by making and selling fishing-rods and fishing-tackle. Watt was as handy at dressing trout and salmon-filies as at most other things, and his master, no doubt, found him useful enough; but there was nothing to be learnt in return. Professor Dick, having been consulted as to the best course to be pursued, recommended the lad to proceed to London. Watt accordingly set out for the metropolis in June, 1755, in the company of a relative, Mr. Marr, the captain of an East-Indiaman. The pair travelled on horseback, and performed the journey in thirteen days. Arrived in town, they went about from shop to shop without success. Instrument-makers were few in number, and the rules of the trade, which were then very strict, only permitted them to take into their employment apprentices who should be bound for seven years, or journeymen who had already served their time. "I have not," said Watt, writing to his father about a fortnight after his arrival, "yet got a master; we have tried several, but they all make some objection or other. I find that, if any of them agreed with me at all, it will not be for less than a year, and even for that time they will be expecting some money." At length, one Mr. Morgan an instrument-maker in Finch Lane, consented to take him for a twelvemonth for a fee of twenty guineas. He soon proved himself a ready learner and skilful workman. The division of labor, the result of an extensive trade, which causes the best London-built carriages to be superior to any of provincial construction, was even then applied to mathematical instruments. "Very few here," wrote Watt, "know any more than how to make a rule, others a pair of dividers, and

* Robertson's "Rural Recollections."

such like." His discursive mind would under no circumstances have allowed him to rest content with such limited proficiency, and he probably contemplated setting up in Scotland, where every branch of the business would have to be executed by himself. He resolved to acquire the entire art, and from brass scales and rules proceeded to Hadley's quadrants, azimuth compasses, brass sectors, theodolites, and the more delicate sort of instruments. By the end of the year he wrote to his father that he had "just made a brass sector with a French joint, which is reckoned as nice a piece of framing work as is in the trade." To relieve his father of the expense of his maintenance, he wrought after-hours on his own account. His living cost him only eight shillings a-week; and lower than that, he wrote, he could not reduce it, "without pinching his belly." When night came "his body was wearied and his hand shaking from ten hours' hard work." His health suffered. His seat in Mr. Morgan's shop during the winter being close to the door, which was frequently opened and shut, he caught a severe cold. But in spite of sickness and a racking cough he stuck to his work, and still earned money in his morning and evening hours.

Another circumstance prevented his stirring abroad during the greater portion of his stay in London. A hot press for sailors was then going on, and as many as forty pressgangs were out. In the course of one night they took a thousand men. Nor were the kidnappers idle. These were the agents of the East India Company, and had crimping-houses or depôts in different parts of the metropolis to receive the men whom they secured for the Indian army. When the demand for soldiers slackened, they continued their trade, and sold the poor wretches to the planters in Pennsylvania and other North American colonies. Sometimes severe fights took place between the pressgangs and the kidnappers for the possession of the unhappy victims who had been seized. "They now press anybody they can get," wrote Watt in the spring of 1756, "landsmen as well as seamen, except it be in the liberties of the city, where they are obliged to carry them before the lord mayor first; and unless one be either a 'prentice or a creditable tradesman there is scarce any getting off again. And if I was carried before my lord mayor I

durst not avow that I worked in the city, it being against their laws for any non-freeman to work even as a journeyman within the liberties." What a curious glimpse does this give us into the practise of man-hunting in London in the eighteenth century!

When Watt's year with Mr. Morgan was up, his cold had assumed a rheumatic form. Distressed by a gnawing pain in his back, and depressed by weariness, he determined to leave London, although confident that he could have found remunerative employment, and seek for health in his native air among his kinsfolk at Greenock. After spending about twenty guineas in purchasing tools, together with the materials for making many more, and buying a copy of Bion's work on the construction and use of mathematical instruments, he set off for Scotland, and reached Greenock in the autumn of 1756. Shortly after, when his health had been somewhat restored by rest, he proceeded to Glasgow and commenced business on his own account at twenty years of age.

In endeavoring to establish himself in his trade Watt encountered the same obstacles which, in London, had almost prevented his learning it. Although there were no mathematical instrument makers in Glasgow, and it must have been a public advantage to have him settle in the place, he was opposed by the corporation of hammermen, on the ground that he was neither the son of a burgess, nor had served an apprenticeship within the borough. He had been employed, however, to repair some mathematical instruments bequeathed to the University by a gentleman in the West Indies; and the professors, having an absolute authority within the area occupied by the college buildings, determined to give him an asylum and free him from the incubus of Guilds. By the midsummer of 1757 he was securely established within the College precincts, where his room, which was only about twenty feet square, is still to be seen, and is more interesting that its walls remain in as rude a state as when he left it. It is entered from the quadrangle by a spiral stone staircase, and over the door in the court below Watt exhibited his name, with the addition of "Mathematical Instrument-maker to the University."

Though his wants were few, and he subsisted on the humblest fare, Watt had a hard

struggle to live by his trade. After a year's trial of it he wrote to his father in September, 1758, "that unless it be the Hadley's instruments there is little to be got by it, as at most other jobs I am obliged to do the most of them myself; and as it is impossible for one person to be expert at every thing, they very often cost me more time than they should do." Of the quadrants he could make three in a week with the assistance of a lad, and the profit upon the three was forty shillings. But the demand was small, and, unless he could extend his market, "he must fall," he said, "into some other way of business, as this will not do in its present situation." Failing sufficient customers for his instruments in Glasgow, he sent them to Greenock and Port Glasgow, where his father helped him to dispose of them. Orders gradually flowed in upon him, but his business continued to be very small, eked out though it was by map and chart selling.

The most untoward circumstances have often the happiest results. It is not Fortune that is blind, but man. The fame and success of Watt were probably due to his scanty trade, which made him glad to take any employment requiring mechanical ingenuity. A Masons' lodge in Glasgow desired to have an organ, and he was asked to build it. He was totally destitute of a musical ear, and could not distinguish one note from another. But he accepted the offer. He studied the philosophical theory of music, and found that science would be a substitute for his want of ear. He commenced by building a small organ for Dr. Black, and then proceeded to the large one. He was always, he said, dissatisfied both with other people's work and his own, and this habit of his mind made him study to improve upon whatever came before him. Thus in the process of building his organ he devised a number of novel expedients, such as indicators and regulators of the strength of the blast, with various contrivances for improving the efficiency of the stops. The qualities of the organ when finished are said to have elicited the surprise and admiration of musicians. He seems at one period to have been almost as much a maker of musical as of mathematical instruments. He constructed and repaired guitars, flutes, and violins, and had the same success as with his organ.

Small as was Watt's business, there was

one circumstance connected with his situation which must have been peculiarly grateful to a man of his accomplishments and thirst for knowledge. His shop, being conveniently situated within the College, was a favorite resort for professors as well as students. Amongst his visitors were the famous Dr. Black, Professor Simson, the restorer of the science of geometry, Dr. Dick, and Dr. Moor; and even Dr. Adam Smith looked in occasionally. But of all his associates none is more closely connected with the name and history of Watt than John Robison, then a student at Glasgow, and afterwards Professor of natural Philosophy at Edinburgh University. He was nearer Watt's own age than the rest, and stood in the intimate relation of bosom friend as well as fellow inquirer in science. Robinson was a prepossessing person, frank and lively, full of fancy and good humor, and a general favorite in the College. He was a capital talker, an extensive linguist, and a good musician; yet, with all his versatility, he was a profound thinker, and a diligent student, especially of mathematical and mechanical philosophy, as he afterwards abundantly proved in his able contributions to the "Encyclopedia Britannica," of which he was the designer and first editor.

Robison's introduction to Watt has been described by himself. After feasting his eyes on the beautifully finished instruments, Robison entered into conversation with him. Expecting to find a workman, he was surprised to discover a philosopher. "I had the vanity," said Robison, "to think myself a pretty good proficient in my favorite study (mathematical and mechanical philosophy), and was rather mortified at finding Mr. Watt so much my superior. But his own high relish for these things made him pleased with the chat of any person who had the same tastes with himself; and his innate complaisance made him indulge my curiosity, and even encourage my endeavors to form a more intimate acquaintance with him. I lounged much about him, and I doubt not, was frequently teasing him. Thus our acquaintance began." Shortly after, Robison, who had been originally destined for the Church, left College. Being of a roving disposition, he entered the navy as a midshipman, and was present at some of the most remarkable actions of the war; and, amongst others, at the storming of Quebec. Robison was on duty in the boat which carried Wolfe

to the point where the army scaled the heights the night before the battle, and, as the sun was setting in the west, the General, doubtless from an association of ideas which was suggested by the dangers of the coming struggle, recited Gray's *Elegy*, and declared that "he would prefer being the author of that poem to the glory of beating the French on the morrow."

When Robison returned from his voyagings in 1763, a travelled man,—having had the advantage during his absence of acting as confidential assistant of Admiral Knowles in the course of his marine surveys and observations,—he reckoned himself more than on a par with Watt; but he soon found that his friend had been still busier than himself, and was continually striking into new paths where Robison was obliged to be his follower. The extent of the mathematical instrument maker's investigations was no less remarkable than the depth to which he pursued them. Not only did he master the principles of engineering, civil and military, but he diverged into studies in antiquity, natural history, languages, criticism, and art. Every pursuit became science in his hands, and he made use of this subsidiary knowledge as stepping-stones towards his favorite objects. Before long he was regarded as one of the ablest men about the college, and "when," said Robison, "to the superiority of knowledge, which every man confessed, in his own line, is joined the naïve simplicity and candor of his character, it is no wonder that the attachment of his acquaintances was so strong. I have seen something of the world, and I am obliged to say that I never saw such another instance of general and cordial attachment to a person whom all acknowledged to be their superior. But this superiority was concealed under the most amiable candor, and liberal allowance of merit to every man. Mr. Watt was the first to ascribe to the ingenuity of a friend things which were very often nothing but his own surmises followed out and embodied by another. I am well entitled to say this, and have often experienced it in my own case." There are few traits in biography more charming than these generous recognitions of merit, mutually attributed by the one friend to the other. Arago, in quoting the words of Robison, has well observed that it is difficult to determine whether the honor of having uttered them be not as great as that of having inspired them.

By this high-minded friend the attention of Watt was first directed to the subject of the steam-engine. Robison in 1759 suggested to him that it might be applied to the moving of wheel-carriages. The scheme was not matured, and indeed science was not yet ripe for the locomotive. But after a short interval Watt again reverted to the study of steam, and in 1761 he was busily engaged in performing experiments with the humble aid of apothecaries' phials and a small Papin's digester. There were then no museums of art and science to resort to for information, and he perhaps cultivated his own powers the more thoroughly that he had no such easy methods of acquiring knowledge. He mounted his digester with a syringe a third of an inch in diameter, containing a solid piston. When he turned a cock the steam rushed from the digester against the lower side of the piston in the syringe, and by its expansive power raised a weight of fifteen pounds with which the piston was loaded. Then again turning the cock, which was arranged so as to cut off the communication with the digester, and open a passage to the air, the steam escaped, and the weight upon the piston, being no longer counteracted, forced it to descend. He saw it would be easy to contrive that the cocks should be turned by the machinery instead of by the hand, and the whole be made to work of itself with perfect regularity. But there was an objection to the method. Water is converted into vapor as soon as its elasticity is sufficient to overcome the weight of the air which keeps it down. Under the ordinary pressure of the atmosphere the water acquires this necessary elasticity at two hundred and twelve degrees; but as the steam in Papin's digester was prevented from escaping, it acquired increased heat, and by consequence increased elasticity. Hence it was that the steam which issued from the digester was not only able to support the piston and the air which pressed upon its upper surface, but the additional load with which the piston was weighted. With the imperfect mechanical construction, however, of those days there was a risk that the boiler in which this high-pressure steam was generated would be burst by its expansive power, which also enabled it to force its way through the ill-made joints of the engine. This, conjoined with the great expenditure of steam, led Watt to abandon the plan. The

exigencies of business did not then allow him to pursue his experiments, and the subject again slept till the winter of 1763-64.

The College at Glasgow possessed a model of one of Newcomen's engines, which had been sent to London for repair. It would appear that the eminent artificer to whom it had been intrusted paid little attention to it, for at a University meeting in June, 1760, a resolution was passed to allow Mr. Anderson "to lay out a sum not exceeding two pounds sterling to recover the steam-engine from Mr. Sisson, instrument-maker, at London." In 1763 this clumsy little engine, destined to become so famous, was put into the hands of Watt. The boiler was somewhat smaller than an ordinary tea-kettle, the cylinder two inches in diameter, and the mathematical instrument maker merely regarded it as "a fine plaything." When, however, he had repaired the machine and set it to work, he found that the boiler, though apparently sufficiently large, could not supply steam fast enough, and only a few strokes of the piston could be secured. The fire under it was stimulated by blowing, and more steam was produced, but still the machine would not work properly. Exactly at the point where another man would have abandoned the task in despair, the mind of Watt became thoroughly roused. "Every thing," says Professor Robison, "was to him the beginning of a new and serious study; and we knew that he would not quit it till he had either discovered its insignificance, or had made something of it." Thus it happened with the phenomenon presented by the model of the steam-engine. He endeavored to ascertain from books by what means he was to remedy the defects; and when books failed to aid him, he commenced a course of experiments, and resolved to work out the problem for himself. In the course of his inquiries he came upon a fact which more than any other led his mind into the train of thought which at last conducted him to the invention of which the results were destined to prove so stupendous. This fact was the existence of latent heat. But before we go on to state his proceedings, it is necessary to describe the condition at which the steam-engine had arrived when his investigations commenced.

Steam had not then become a common mechanical power. The sole use to which it was applied was to pump water from mines.

A beam, moving upon a centre, had affixed to one end of it a chain which was attached to the piston of the pump; to the other end of it a chain which was attached to a piston that fitted a cylinder. It was by driving this latter piston up and down the cylinder that the pump was worked. To communicate the necessary movement to the piston the steam generated in a boiler was admitted to the bottom of the cylinder, forcing out the air through a valve, and by its pressure upon the under side of the piston counterbalancing the pressure of the atmosphere upon its upper side. The piston, thus placed between two equal and opposite forces, was then drawn up to the top of the cylinder by the greater weight of the pump-gear at the opposite extremity of the beam. The steam so far only discharged the office which was performed by the air it displaced; but if the air had been allowed to remain, the piston once at the top of the cylinder could not have returned, being pressed as much by the atmosphere underneath as by the atmosphere above it. The steam, on the contrary, could be condensed by injecting cold water through the bottom of the cylinder. This caused a vacuum below the piston, which was now unsupported, and descended by the pressure of the atmosphere upon its upper surface. When the piston reached the bottom, the steam was again let in, and the process was repeated.

This was the machine in use when Watt was pursuing the investigations into which he was led by the little model of the Newcomen engine. Among other experiments, "he constructed a boiler which showed by inspection the quantity of water evaporated in a given time, and thereby ascertained the quantity of steam used in every stroke of the engine." He was astonished to discover that a *small* quantity of water, in the form of steam, heated a *large* quantity of water injected into the cylinder for the purpose of cooling it, and upon further examination he ascertained that steam heated six times its weight of well water to two hundred and twelve degrees, which was the temperature of the steam itself. Unable to understand so remarkable a circumstance, he mentioned it to Dr. Black, who then expounded to him the theory of latent heat, which this great chemist had already taught his pupils unknown to Watt. This vast amount of heat,

stored up in the steam and not indicated by the thermometer, involved a proportionate consumption of coals. When Watt learnt that water in its conversion into vapor became such a reservoir of heat, he was more than ever bent upon economizing it, striving, with the same quantity of fuel, at once to augment its production and diminish its waste. "He greatly improved the boiler," says Professor Robison, "by increasing the surface to which the fire was applied; he made flues through the middle of the water, and made his boiler of wood, as a worse conductor of heat than the brickwork which surrounds common furnaces. He cased the cylinder and all the conducting-pipes in materials which conducted heat very slowly; he even made them of wood." But none of these contrivances were effectual; for it turned out that the chief expenditure of steam, and consequently of fuel, was in the reheating the cylinder after it had been cooled by the injection of the cold water. Nearly four-fifths of the whole steam employed was condensed on its first admission before the surplus could act upon the piston. Watt therefore came to the conclusion that to make a perfect steam-engine it was necessary that the cylinder should be always as hot as the steam that entered it: but it was equally necessary that the steam should be condensed when the piston descended,—nay, that it should be cooled down below one hundred degrees, or a considerable amount of vapor would be given off which would resist the descent of the piston and diminish the power of the engine.* The two conditions seemed quite incompatible. The cylinder was never to be at a less temperature than two hundred and twelve degrees, and yet at each descent of the piston it was to be less than one hundred degrees.

"He continued," he says, "to grope in the dark, misled by many an *ignis fatuus*." At length, as he was taking a walk one Sunday afternoon, in the spring of 1765, the solution of the problem suddenly flashed upon his mind. As steam was an elastic vapor, it would expand and rush into a previously exhausted space. He had only to produce a vacuum in a separate vessel, and open a com-

* Since the more the pressure upon water is diminished, the lower the temperature at which it boils, water at any temperature less than one hundred degrees gives off vapor in the vacuum of the cylinder.

munication between this vessel and the cylinder of the steam-engine at the moment when the piston was required to descend, and the steam would disseminate itself and become divided between the cylinder and the adjoining vessel. But as this vessel would be kept cold by an injection of water, the steam would be annihilated as fast as it entered, which would cause a fresh outflow of the remaining steam in the cylinder till nearly the whole of it was condensed, without the cylinder itself being chilled in the operation. An air-pump worked by the steam-engine would pump from the subsidiary vessel the heated water, air, and vapor accumulated by the condensing process. Great and prolific ideas are almost always simple. What seems impossible at the outset appears so obvious when it is effected that we are prone to marvel that it did not force itself at once upon the mind. Late in life, Watt, with his accustomed modesty, declared his belief that, if he had excelled, it had been by chance and the neglect of others. But mankind has been more just to him than he was to himself. There was no accident in the discovery. It had been the result of close and continuous study, and the idea of the separate condenser which flashed upon him in a moment and filled him with rapture was merely the last step of a long journey—a step which could not have been taken unless the previous road had been traversed.

The steam in Newcomen's engine was only employed to produce a vacuum. The working power of the engine was in the down stroke, which was effected by the pressure of the air upon the piston; hence it is now usual to call it the atmospheric engine. Watt perceived that the air which followed the piston down the cylinder would cool the latter, and that steam would be wasted in reheating it. To effect a further saving, he resolved "to put an air-tight cover upon the cylinder, with a hole and stuffing-box for the piston-rod to slide through, and to admit steam above the piston, to act upon it instead of the atmosphere." When the steam had done its duty in driving down the piston, a communication was opened between the upper and lower part of the cylinder, and the same steam, distributing itself equally in both compartments, sufficed to restore equilibrium. The piston was now drawn up by the weight of the pump-gear, the steam beneath it was then condensed

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to leave a vacuum, and a fresh jet of steam from the boiler was let in above the piston and forced it again to the bottom of the cylinder. From an atmospheric it thus become a true steam-engine, and with a much greater economy of steam than when the air did half the duty. But it was not only important to keep the air from flowing down the inside of the cylinder. The air which circulated without cooled the metal, and condensed a portion of the steam within. This Watt proposed to remedy by a second cylinder, surrounding the first, with an interval between the two, which was to be kept full of steam. "When once," he says, "the idea of separate condensation was started, all these improvements followed as corollaries in quick succession, so that in the course of one or two days the invention was thus far complete in my mind."

But although the engine was complete in his mind, it cost Watt many long and laborious years before he could perfect it in execution. One source of delay was the numerous expedients which sprang up in his fertile mind, "which," he said, "his want of experience in the practice of mechanics in great, flattered him would prove more commodious than his matured experience had shown them to be. Experimental knowledge is of slow growth, and he tried too many fruitless experiments on such variations." One of his chief difficulties was to find mechanics to make his large models for him. The beautiful metal workmanship which has been called into being by his own invention did not then exist. The only available hands in Glasgow were the blacksmiths and tinner—little capable of constructing articles out of their ordinary walk. He accordingly hired a small workshop in a back street of the town, where he might himself erect a working model, with the aid of his assistant, John Gardiner. His mind, as may be supposed, was absorbed in the desire to realize his beautiful conception. "I am at present," he wrote to his friend Dr. Lind, "quite barren on every other article, my whole thoughts being bent on this machine." The first model, on account of the bad construction of the larger parts, was only partially successful, and then a second and bigger model was commenced in August, 1765. In October it was at work; but the machine leaked in all directions, and the piston proved not steam-tight. To secure a nice-fitting piston with the indifferent workmanship of that

day taxed his ingenuity to the utmost. At so low an ebb was the art of making cylinders, that the one he employed was not bored but hammered, the collective mechanical skill of Glasgow being then unequal to the casting and boring of a cylinder of the simplest kind. In the Newcomen engine a little water was poured upon the upper surface of the piston, and filled up the interstices between the piston and the cylinder. But when Watt employed steam to drive down the piston, he was deprived of this resource; for the water and steam could not coexist. Even if he had retained the agency of the air above, the drip of water from the crevices into the lower part of the cylinder would have been incompatible with keeping the surface hot and dry, and, by turning into vapor as it fell upon the heated metal, it would have impaired the vacuum during the descent of the piston. To add to Watt's troubles, while he was busied with his model, the tinner, who was his leading mechanic, died. "*My old white-iron man is dead,*" he wrote to Dr. Roebuck in December—an almost irreparable loss! By the addition of collars of varnished cloth, the piston was made steam-tight, and the machine went cleverly and successfully on repeated trials, at a pressure of ten to fourteen pounds on the square inch. Thus inch by inch Watt battled down difficulty, held good the ground he had gained, verified the expectations he had formed, and placed the advantages of the invention, to his own mind, beyond the reach of doubt.

Watt's means were small, and there were no capitalists in Glasgow likely to take up the steam-engine. Commercial enterprise had scarcely begun, or was still confined to the trade in tobacco. To give a fair trial to the new apparatus would involve an expenditure of several thousand pounds; and who on the spot could be expected to invest so large a sum in trying a machine so entirely new, and depending for its success on physical principles very imperfectly understood? But he had not far to go for an associate. "Most fortunately," says Professor Robison, "there was in the neighborhood such a person as he wished, Dr. Roebuck, a gentleman of very uncommon knowledge in all the branches of civil engineering, familiarly acquainted with the steam-engine, of which he employed several in his collieries, and deeply interested in this improvement. He was also well accus-

tomed to great enterprises, of an undaunted spirit, not scared by difficulties, nor a niggard of expense." He was born at Sheffield in 1718, and practised as a physician at Birmingham with distinguished success, had made many improvements in various manufacturing arts, and was now engaged in the double task of carrying on iron-works at Carron, and sinking coal-mines at Borrowstoness.

As early as August, 1765, Watt was in full correspondence with Roebuck on the subject of the engine. No partnership was entered into till 1767, but it is evident from the nature of Watt's letters that Roebuck took the greatest interest in the project, and had probably pledged himself to engage in it if the experiments promised success. In November Watt sent detailed drawings of a covered cylinder and piston to be cast at the Carron works. Though the cylinder was the best that could be made there, it was so ill-bored as to be useless. The piston-rod was constructed at Glasgow under his own supervision, and when it was completed he was afraid to send it in a cart, lest the work-people should see it, which would "occasion speculation." "I believe," he added, "it will be best to send it in a box." These precautions would seem to have been dictated by a fear of piracy. The necessity of acting by stealth increased the difficulties arising from the clumsiness and inexperience of the mechanics. There is a gap in the correspondence of Watt with Roebuck from May, 1766, to January, 1768, and we hear no more of this piston-rod or of its worthless cylinder. Something, however, must have occurred in the interval to inspire Roebuck with confidence, for in 1767 he undertook to pay a debt of one thousand pounds, which Watt had contracted in prosecuting his project, to provide the money for the further experiments, and to pay for the patent. In return for this outlay, he was to have two-thirds of the property in the invention.

In April, 1768, Watt made a trial of a new model. The result was not altogether satisfactory. Roebuck, in reply to the announcement, asked Watt to meet him at Kilsythe, a place about halfway between Carron and Glasgow, and talk the matter over. "I would," says Watt, in his answer, "with all my heart, wait upon you on Friday, but am far from being well, and the fatigue of the ride would disable me from doing any thing for three or four days; besides, I hope by that time to

have a more successful trial, without which I cannot have peace in my mind to enjoy any thing." After various contrivances, a trial which he made on the 24th of May answered to his heart's content. "I intend," he wrote to Dr. Roebuck, "to have the pleasure of seeing you at Kinneil on Saturday or Friday. I sincerely wish you joy of this successful result, and hope it will make you some return for the obligations I ever will remain under to you." Kinneil House, where Watt hastened to pay his visit of congratulation to Dr. Roebuck, was a singular old edifice, a former country seat of the Dukes of Hamilton, finely situated on the shores of the Forth, with large apartments and stately staircases, and an external style of architecture which resembles the old French château. The mansion has become rich in classical associations, having been inhabited since Roebuck's time by Dugald Stewart, who wrote in it his "Philosophy of the Human Mind." There he was visited by Wilkie, the painter, when in search of subjects for his pictures, and Dugald Stewart found for him, in an old farmhouse in the neighborhood, the cradle-chimney which is introduced in the "Penny Wedding." But none of these names can stand by the side of that of Watt, and the first thought at Kinneil, of every one who is familiar with his history, would be of the memorable day when he rode over in exultation to Dr. Roebuck, to wish him joy of the success of the steam-engine. His note of triumph was, however, premature. He had yet to suffer many sickening delays and many bitter disappointments; for though he had contrived to get his model executed with fair precision, the skill was still wanting for manufacturing the parts in their full size with the requisite nicety, and his present conquest was succeeded by discomfiture.

The model went so well that it was now determined to take out a patent, and in August, 1768, Watt went to London for the purpose. After transacting his business he proceeded home by way of Birmingham, then the best school of mechanics in England. He here saw his future partner, Mr. Boulton, for the first time, and they at once conceived for each other a hearty regard. Mr. Boulton, in particular, was strongly impressed both by the character and genius of Watt. They had much conversation respecting the engine, and it cheered its inventor that the sagacious and practical Birmingham manufacturer augured

well of its success. Watt seems, however, to have been seized with low spirits on his return to Glasgow; his heart probably aching with anxiety for his family, whom it was hard to maintain upon hope, so often deferred. The more sanguine Doctor was elated with the good working of the model, and he was impatient to put the invention in practice. "You are letting," he wrote to Watt, October 30th, 1768, "the most active part of your life insensibly glide away. A day, a moment, ought not to be lost. And you should not suffer your thoughts to be diverted by any other object, or even improvement of this, but only the speediest and most effectual manner of executing one of a proper size, according to your present ideas." This was an allusion to the fresh expedients which were always starting up in Watt's brain, and which appeared endlessly to protract the consummation of the work; but it was by never resting satisfied with imperfect devices that he attained to perfection. Long after, when a noble lord was expressing his admiration at his great achievement, Watt replied, "The public only look at my success, and not on the intermediate failures and uncouth constructions which have served as steps to climb to the top of the ladder." As to the lethargy of which Roebuck spoke, it was merely the temporary reaction of a mind strained and wearied with long-continued application to a single subject.

The patent was dated January 5th, 1769, a year also memorable as that in which Arkwright took out the patent for his spinning machine, and Watt by the law had four months in which to prepare his specification. To render it as perfect as possible, he commenced a series of fresh experiments, and all his spare hours were devoted to making various trials of pipe-condensers and drum-condensers,—trying to contrive new methods of securing tightness of the piston, and devising steam-jackets to prevent the waste of heat,—inventing oil-pumps, gauge-pumps, and exhausting-cylinders,—loading valves, beams, and cranks.

He commenced at Kinneil the construction of a steam-engine on a larger scale than he had yet attempted. It had been originally intended to erect it in the small town of Borrowstoness; but as he wished to avoid display, being determined, as he said, "not to puff," he put it up in an outhouse at Kinneil, close

by the burnside in the glen, where there was abundance of water and secure privacy. The materials were brought partly from Glasgow and partly from Carron, where the cylinder had been cast. The process of erection was tedious, for the mechanics were unused to the work. Watt was occasionally compelled to be absent on other business, and he generally on his return found the men at a standstill, not knowing what to do next. As the engine neared completion "his anxiety for his approaching doom kept him from sleep," for his fears, he says, were at least equal to his hopes. The whole was finished in September, 1769, and proved a "clumsy job." One of his new contrivances did not work well; and the cylinder, having been badly cast, was almost useless. Watt again was grievously depressed. "It is a sad thing," he wrote to his friend, Dr. Small of Birmingham, in March, 1770, "for a man to have his all hanging by a single string. If I had wherewith all to pay the loss, I don't think I should so much fear a failure, but I cannot bear the thought of other people becoming losers by my scheme, and I have the happy disposition of always painting the worst." His poverty was already compelling him to relinquish his experiments for employment of more pecuniary profit.

Watt had married his cousin, Miss Miller, in July, 1764. His expenses were thus enlarged almost at the very moment when his invention began to fill his mind, and distracted his attention from his ordinary calling. His increasing family led him before long to seek employment as a land-surveyor, or as it is called in Scotland a "land-louper." Much of his business was of the class which now belongs to the civil engineer, and in 1767 he laid out a small canal to unite the rivers Forth and Clyde. There was a rival scheme, cheaper and more direct, which was espoused by the celebrated Smeaton, and Watt had to appear before a Committee of the House of Commons to defend his plan. "I think," he wrote to Mrs. Watt, April 5, 1767, "I shall not long to have any thing to do with the House of Commons again: I never saw so many wrong-headed people on all sides gathered together." The fact that they decided against him had probably its share in producing this opinion of their wrong-headedness.

In April, 1769, when he was busily engaged in erecting the Kinneil engines, he heard that a linen-draper in London, of the name

of Moore, had plagiarized his invention, and the reflections which this drew forth from him is an evidence of the settled despondency which clouded his mind, and even cramped his faculties.

"I have resolved, unless these things that I have now brought to some perfection reward me for the time and money I have lost on them, if I can resist it to invent no more. Indeed, I am not near so capable as I once was; I find that I am not the same person that I was four years ago, when I invented the fire-engine, and foresaw, even before I made a model, almost every circumstance that has since occurred. I was at that time spurred on by the alluring hope of placing myself above want without being obliged to have much dealing with mankind, to whom I have always been a dupe. The necessary experience in great * was wanting; in acquiring which, I have met with many disappointments. I must have sunk under the burthen of them if I had not been supported by the friendship of Dr. Roebuck. I have now brought the engine near a conclusion, yet I am not in idea nearer that rest I wish for, than I was four years ago. However, I am resolved to do all I can to carry on this business, and if it does not thrive with me I will lay aside the burthen I cannot carry. *Of all things in life there is nothing more foolish than inventing.*"

It is nevertheless a remarkable proof of his indefatigable perseverance in his favorite pursuit that at this very time, when apparently sunk in the depths of gloom, he learnt German for the sole purpose of getting at the contents of a curious book, the *Theatrum Machinarum* of Leupold, which just then fell into his hands, and which contained an account of the machines, furnaces, methods of working, profits, &c., of the mines in the Upper Hartz. His instructor on the occasion was a Swiss dyer settled in Glasgow. With the similar object of gaining access to untranslated books in French and Italian—then the great depositories of mechanical and engineering knowledge—Watt had already mastered both these languages.

Mrs. Watt had on one occasion written to him, "If the engine will not do, something else will: never despair." The engine did not do for the present, and he was compelled to continue his surveying. Instead of laying aside one burthen he was constrained to add a second. In September, 1769, just when he

* The expression "in great" means machines upon a large scale instead of the small models with which his experiments had been made.

tried the Kenneil engine, he was employed in examining the Clyde with a view to improve the navigation—for the river was still so shallow as to prevent boats of more than ten tons burden ascending to the Broomielaw. Watt made his report, but no steps were taken to execute his suggestions until several years later, when the commencement was made of a series of improvements, which have resulted in the conversion of the Clyde from a pleasant trouting stream into one of the busiest navigable highways in Europe.

"I would not have meddled with it," he wrote to Dr. Small, "had I been certain of bringing the engine to bear; but I cannot, on an uncertainty, refuse any piece of business that offers. I have refused some common fire-engines,* because they must have taken up my attention so as to hinder my going on with my own. However, if I cannot make it answer soon, I shall certainly undertake the next that offers; for I cannot afford to trifle away my whole life, which God knows may not be long. Not that I think myself a proper hand for keeping men to their duty; but I must use my endeavor to make myself square with the world if I can, though I much fear I never shall."

"To-day (he again wrote to Dr. Small on the 31st of January, 1770) I enter into the thirty-fifth year of my life, and I think I have hardly done thirty-five pence worth of good in the world; but I cannot help it."

The people of Glasgow decided upon making a canal for coal traffic to the collieries at Monkland, in Lanarkshire; "and having," says Watt, "conceived a much higher idea of my abilities than they merit, they resolved to encourage a man that lived among them rather than a stranger." He made the survey in 1769, and the air and exercise acted like a cordial upon him. "The time," he wrote to Dr. Small, January 3, 1770, "has not been thrown away, for the vaguing [wandering] about the country, and bodily fatigue, have given me health and spirits beyond what I commonly enjoy at this dreary season, though they would still *thole amends* [bear improvement.] Hire yourself to somebody for a ploughman—it will cure *ennui*." He made another survey of a canal from Perth to Cupar

* The fire-engine was the name given in those days to the atmospheric engines of Newcomen. Watt says elsewhere that "he was concerned in making some," but whether previous or subsequent to this letter of September 20, 1769, does not appear.

in the spring of 1770, with a less favorable result. The weather was inclement, and the wind, and snow, and cold, brought back his low spirits and ill health. When the Act for the Monkland Canal was obtained he was invited to superintend the execution of it, and "had to select whether to go on with the experiments on the engine, the event of which was uncertain, or to embrace an honorable and perhaps profitable employment. His necessities decided him. "I had a wife and children, and saw myself growing grey with having any settled way of providing for them." He determined however, not to drop the engine, but to proceed with it the first spare moments he could find. In December, 1770, he made a report to Dr. Small of his experience in canal-making, and it was not very favorable. His constant headaches continued, but in other respects he had gained in vigor of mind and body. "I find myself more strong, more resolute, less lazy, less confused than I was when I began it." His pecuniary affairs were also more prosperous. "Supposing the engine to stand good for itself, I am able to pay all my debts, and some little thing more, so that I hope in time to be on a par with the world." But there was a dark side to the picture. His life was one of vexation, fatigue, hunger, wet, and cold. The quiet and secluded habits of his early life did not fit him for the out-door work of the engineer. He was timid and reserved, and wanted that rough strength—that navy sort of character—which enables a man to deal with rude laborers. He was nervously fearful lest his want of experience should betray him into scrapes, and lead to impositions on the part of the workmen. He hated higgling, and declared that he would rather "face a loaded cannon than settle an account or make a bargain." He acted as surveyor, engineer, superintendent, and treasurer, with only the assistance of one clerk; and had been "cheated," he said, "by undertakers, and was unlucky enough to know it." His men were so inexperienced, that he had to watch the execution of every piece of work that was out of the common track. Yet, with all this, "the work done was slovenly, the workmen bad, and he himself not sufficiently strict." The defect which he charged on himself was merely the want of training and experience in the laborers. When Telford afterwards went into the Highlands to construct the

Caledonian Canal, he encountered the same difficulty. The men were unable to make use of the most ordinary tools; they had no steadiness in their labor; and they had to be taught, and drilled, and watched like children at school. In fact, every great undertaking in engineering may be regarded in the light of a working academy in which men are trained to the skilful use of tools and the habit of persistent industry; and the Scotch laborers were only then passing through the elementary discipline. Watt determined he would not continue a slave to this hateful employment. He was willing to act as engineer, but not as manager, and said he would have nothing to do "with workmen, cash, or workmen's accounts."

His superintendence of the Monkland Canal, for which he received a salary of two hundred pounds a-year, lasted from June 1770 to December 1772. Before that period had expired, a commercial crisis had arrived; and Dr. Roebuck, whose unremunerative speculations had already brought him to the verge of ruin, was unable to weather the storm. All the anxieties of Watt were revived, and more for Roebuck than for himself. But an extract from his letter to Dr. Small on the 30th August, 1772, will best speak his sentiments:—

"I pursued my experiments till I found that the expense and loss of time lying wholly upon me, through the distress of Dr. Roebuck's situation, turned out to be a burthen greater than I could support, and not having conquered all the difficulties that lay in the way of the execution, I was obliged for a time to abandon the project. Since that time I have been able to extricate myself from some part of my private debts, but am by no means yet in a situation to be the principal in so considerable an undertaking. The Doctor's affairs being yet far from being reinstated, give me little hope of help from that quarter: in the mean time the time of the patent is running on. It is a matter of great vexation to me that the Doctor should be out so great a sum upon this affair, while he has otherwise such pressing occasion for the money. I find myself unable to give him such help as his situation requires; and what little I can do for him is purchased by denying myself the conveniences of life my situation requires, or by remaining in debt where it galls me to the bone to owe."

He repeated in November that nothing gave him so much pain as having entangled

Dr. Roebuck in the scheme, and that he would willingly have resigned all prospect of profit to himself provided his associate could have been indemnified. He regarded the considerable sum which he had sunk on his own part "as money spent upon his education," and looked for scarce any other recompense "for the anxiety and ruin in which the engine had involved him." These are the sentiments of a mind of sensitive honor as well as scrupulous integrity. In the issue the embarrassments of Roebuck proved the making of the steam-engine and of Watt.

The association of Watt with Dr. Roebuck was in many respects fortunate, for the latter possessed the qualities in which the former was deficient. "I find myself," Watt wrote, "out of my sphere when I have any thing to do with mankind; it is enough for an engineer to force Nature, and to bear the vexation of her getting the better of him. Give me a survey to make, and I think you will have credit of me; set me to contrive a machine, and I will exert myself." To invent was Watt's faculty; to push an invention was entirely contrary to his temperament. Not only was he averse to business, but he was easily depressed by little obstructions, and alarmed at unforeseen expense. Roebuck, on the contrary, was sanguine, adventurous, and energetic. The disposition of Watt to despond under difficulties, and his painful diffidence in himself, were frequent subjects of friendly merriment at Kinneil House; and Mrs. Roebuck said one evening—"Jamie is a queer lad, and without the Doctor his invention would have been lost; but Dr. Roebuck won't let it perish." Watt always acknowledged the debt he owed him, and declared he had been to him "a most sincere and generous friend." The alliance, however, was not without its drawbacks. The extensive undertakings of Dr. Roebuck absorbed both his capital and his time. He was unable to pay, according to the terms of his engagement, the expenses of the patent, and Watt had to borrow the money from Dr. Black. His coal and iron-works required incessant superintendence, and the management of the business connected with the steam-engine chiefly devolved upon Watt, who said he "was incapable of it from his natural inactivity, and want of health and resolution." When he passed through Birmingham, on his way from London, in October, 1768, Mr.

Boulton, who then knew nothing of Watt's agreement with Roebuck, offered to be concerned in the speculation. This gave "great joy" to Watt, and he wished Dr. Roebuck to consent. But the latter "grew more tenacious of the project the nearer it approached to certainty," and he only proposed to Boulton to allow him a share in the engine for the counties of Warwick, Stafford, and Derby. The letter which Boulton wrote to Watt upon the occasion (Feb. 7, 1769) shows how clearly he saw what was required to render the invention available:—

"I was excited by two motives to offer you my assistance—which were, love of you, and love of a money-getting, ingenious project. I presumed that your engine would require money, very accurate workmanship, and extensive correspondence, to make it turn out to the best advantage; and that the best means of keeping up the reputation, and doing the invention justice, would be to keep the executive part out of the hands of the multitude of empirical engineers, who, from ignorance, want of experience, and want of necessary convenience, would be very liable to produce bad and inaccurate workmanship—all which deficiencies would affect the reputation of the invention. To remedy which, and to produce the most profit, my idea was to settle a manufactory near to my own, by the side of our canal, where I would erect all the conveniences necessary for the completion of engines, and from which manufactory we would serve all the world with engines of all sizes. By these means, and your assistance, we would engage and instruct some excellent workmen, who (with more excellent tools than would be worth any man's while to procure for one single engine) could execute the invention twenty per cent. cheaper than it would be otherwise executed, and with as great a difference of accuracy as there is between the blacksmith and the mathematical-instrument maker. It would not be worth my while to make for three counties only; but I find it very well worth my while to make for all the world."

This was precisely the plan which was ultimately adopted. Watt, when he read it, must have been more than ever urgent to have Boulton for a coadjutor, and he again, in September, 1769, pressed upon Roebuck the wisdom of admitting him into the partnership. In November Roebuck proposed to make over a third of the patent to Mr. Boulton or Dr. Small for any sum not less than one thousand pounds which they should think reasonable, after the experiments on

the engine were finished. They were to take their final resolution at the end of a year; but though they assented to the terms no agreement seems to have been made at the conclusion of the twelvemonth; and it was not till ruin drove Roebuck to sell his share that the bargain was struck. Then he transferred his entire property in the patent to Mr. Boulton in the latter half of 1773, in consideration of being released from a debt of six hundred and thirty pounds, and receiving the first one thousand pounds of profit from the engine. "My heart bleeds for his situation," Watt wrote to Boulton, "and I can do nothing to help him. I stuck by him till I have much hurt myself. I can do so no longer; my family calls for my care to provide for them. Yet, if I have, I cannot see the Doctor in want, which I am afraid will soon be the case." The situation of this able, upright, and enterprising man, who deserved a better fate, was not, in the opinion of his assignees, rendered worse by the sale of his share in the steam-engine, for they did not value it at a single farthing. Even Watt said that Boulton had got one bad debt in exchange for another.

This was the turning-point in Watt's fortunes. It was the imperfect workmanship, and ineffective superintendence, which had caused the failure of so many experiments, and the wise and vigorous management of Mr. Boulton was soon to show the engine in its true powers. But before Watt enjoyed this triumph, he had another bitter cup to drink. He was suddenly summoned to Glasgow in the autumn of 1773, when on a survey of the Caledonian Canal, by intelligence of the illness of his wife. The journey was dreary, through a country without roads. "An incessant rain," said he, "kept me for three days as wet as water could make me: I could hardly preserve my journal book." On reaching home he found his wife had died in childhood. She had struggled with him through poverty, had often cheered his fainting spirit when borne down by doubt, perplexity, and disappointment; and often afterwards he paused on the threshold of his house, unable to summon courage to enter the room where he was never more to meet "the comfort of his life." "Yet this misfortune," he wrote to Small, "might have fallen upon me when I had less ability to bear it, and my poor children might have been left

suppliants to the mercy of the wide world. I know that grief has its period; but I have much to suffer first." "None of the many trying calamities," he said, fifteen years afterwards, "to which human nature is subjected, bears harder or longer on a thinking mind than that grief which arises from the loss of friends. But like other evils it must be endured with patience. The most powerful remedy is to apply to business or amusements which call the mind from its sorrows and prevent it from preying on itself. In the fulness of our grief we are apt to think that allowing ourselves to pursue objects which may turn our minds from the object it is but too much occupied with, is like a kind of insult or want of affection for the deceased, but we do not then argue fairly: our duty to the departed has come to a period, but our duty to our living family, to ourselves, and to the world, still subsists, and the sooner we can bring ourselves to attend to it the more meritorious." Upon these wise sentiments he endeavored, though not very successfully, to act. To work was in some degree within the power of his will, but to regain the elasticity of the mind was beyond the reach of self-control. "Man's life, you say," he wrote to Dr. Small in December, 1773, "must be spent either in labor or ennui; mine is spent in both. I am heart-sick of this country: I am indolent to excess, and what alarms me most I grow stupider. My memory fails me so as often totally to forget occurrences of no very ancient dates. I see myself condemned to a life of business; nothing can be more disagreeable to me; I tremble when I hear the name of a man I have any transactions to settle with. The engineering business is not a vigorous plant; we are in general very poorly paid. This last year my whole gains do not exceed two hundred pounds." But the darkest hour, it is said, is nearest the dawn. Watt had passed through a long night, and a gleam of sunshine was at hand. He was urged to proceed to Birmingham to superintend the manufacture of his engines, one of which was nearly completed. He arrived at Birmingham in the summer of 1774, and in December he wrote to his father, now an old man, still resident at Greenock—"The business I am here about has turned out rather successful; that is to say, that the fire-engine I have invented is now going, and answers much better than any other that has

yet been made, and I expect that the invention will be very beneficial to me." Such was Watt's modest announcement of the practical success of the greatest invention of the eighteenth century!

His partner, who proved himself such an able second, had the rare quality of a first-rate man of business. Mr. Boulton was not a mere buyer and seller, but a great designer, contriver and organizer. His own original trade was that of a manufacturer of plated goods, ormolu, and works in steel. He subsequently turned his attention to improving the machinery for coining, and attained, says M. Arago, to such rapidity and perfection of execution, that he was employed by the British Government to recoin the whole copper specie of the kingdom. His methods were established under his superintendence in several mints abroad, as well as in the national mint of England. With a keen eye for details, he combined a large and comprehensive grasp of intellect. Whilst his senses were so acute that, sitting in his office at Soho, he could at once detect the slightest derangement in the machinery of his vast establishment, his power of imagination enabled him to look along extensive lines of possible action throughout Europe, America and the Indies. He was equally skilful in the fabrication of a button and in the establishment of the motive power that was to revolutionize the industrial operations of the world. In short, he was a man of various gifts, nicely balanced and proportioned—the best of tradesmen, a patron of art and science, the friend of philosophers and statesmen. With all his independent titles to distinction, he esteemed the steam-engine of his friend the pride of his establishment. Once when he was in the company of Sir Walter Scott, he said in reply to some remark—"That's like the old saying—in every corner of the world you will find a Scot, a rat, and a Newcastle grindstone." This touched the national spirit of the novelist, and he retorted, "You should have added—and a *Brummagem button*." "We make something better in Birmingham than buttons," replied Boulton—"we make steam-engines;" and when he next met Scott, he showed that he had not forgiven the disparaging remark. Boswell, who visited Soho in 1776, shortly after the manufacture of steam-engines had been commenced there, was struck by the vastness and contrivance of the machinery.

"I shall never forget," he says, "Mr. Boulton's expression to me, when surveying the works: 'I sell here, Sir, what all the world desires to have—POWER.'" "He had," continues Boswell, "about seven hundred people at work. I contemplated him as an iron chieftain; and he seemed to be a father of his tribe. One of the men came to him complaining grievously of his landlord for having distrained his goods. 'Your landlord is in the right, Smith,' said Boulton; 'but I'll tell you what—find you a friend who will lay down one-half of your rent, and I'll lay down the other, and you shall have your goods again.'" Mrs. Schimmel-Penninck, a native of Birmingham, gives in her autobiography a lively description of his person. "He was tall and of a noble appearance; his temperament was sanguine, with that slight mixture of the phlegmatic which imparts calmness and dignity; his manners were eminently open and cordial; he took the lead in conversations, and with a social heart had a grandiose manner like that arising from position, wealth, and habitual command. He went among his people like a monarch bestowing largess."

Not long after Watt settled at Birmingham he married his second wife, Miss Macgregor, the daughter of a citizen of Glasgow. The precise date of the marriage is not stated by Mr. Muirhead, but it seems to have been in 1776, and at any rate took place much too early to render possible an incident told by Mrs. Schimmel-Penninck, that when Watt was mourning the loss of his first wife, Miss Macgregor—then a girl, according to the story, three or four years old—"came up to his knee, and looking in his face, begged him not to grieve, for she would be his little wife, and make him happy." This lady was a thrifty Scotch housewife, and such was her passion for cleanliness, that she taught her pet dogs to wipe their feet upon the door-mat. Her propensity was carried to a pitch which often fretted her son by the restraints it imposed; and once when a lady apologized to him for the confusion in which he found her house, he exclaimed, "I love dirt." But Mrs. Watt was a partner worthy of her husband, and with the revival of his domestic felicity, and surrounded by all the appliances for perfecting his steam-engine, he was for a brief space in a happier position than he had enjoyed for many years past.

The mechanics of Birmingham were the

chief workers in metal in England. The best tools and arms of the kingdom had been manufactured there almost from time immemorial, and the artisans possessed an aptitude for skilled manipulation which had descended to them from their fathers like an inheritance. Watt, as we have seen, had found, to his sorrow, that there was no such class of workmen in Scotland. The consequence was, that the very first engine erected at Soho was a greater triumph than all that Watt had previously been able to accomplish. Some of the most valuable copper-mines in Cornwall had been drowned out; Boulton immediately wrote to the miners, and informed them of the success of the new invention. A deputation of Cornish miners went down to Birmingham to look at the engine. There could be no doubt as to its efficiency, but it was dear, and it was some time before any orders were given. Boulton saw that to produce any large result he must himself supply the capital, and he entered into an arrangement with the miners, by which he agreed to be at the whole cost, provided he was allowed as royalty *one-third* of the value of the ascertained saving of coal, as compared with Newcomen's best engines. The bargain having been struck, Watt went into Cornwall to superintend the work. The impression produced by one of the earliest engines he erected, is thus described, in one of his letters to Mr. Boulton:—"The velocity, violence, magnitude, and horrible noise of the engine, give unusual satisfaction to all beholders, believers or not. I have once or twice trimmed the engine to end its strokes gently and make less noise; but Mr. ——— cannot sleep unless it seems quite furious, so I have left it to the engineman. And, by the by, the noise seems to convey great ideas of its power to the ignorant, who seem to be no more taken with modest merit in an engine than in a man." Whilst in Cornwall, Watt, whose mechanical ingenuity was inexhaustible, invented a counter to ascertain the saving effected. It was attached to the main beam, and marked the number of the strokes, which was the measure of the payment. The register, which was contrived to keep the record for an entire year, was inclosed in a locked box, and thus fraud was prevented. It was shortly found that the saving of coal by the new engine was nearly three-fourths of the whole quantity formerly consumed, or equal to an annual saving on the Chacewater

engine of seven thousand two hundred pounds. Such a result did not fail to tell, and orders for engines soon came in at Soho; but the capital invested by Mr. Boulton amounted to some forty-seven thousand pounds before any profits began to be derived from their sale.

As some years had been expended in unremunerative experiments, one of the first necessities, when it was apparent that the engine could be made to answer, was to obtain an extension of the patent, and in 1775 an Act of Parliament was passed to preserve the rights of the patentees till the year 1800, in consideration of the great utility of the invention, and the trouble and expense incurred in completing it. It was long before it yielded any return. In 1780 Watt and Boulton were still out of pocket, and in 1783 they had not realized a profit. But the extension of the patent gave a stimulus to the busy brain of the inventor, and he continued to devise improvement upon improvement. The application of the power of steam to give a rotatory motion to mills, had from the first formed the subject of his particular attention, and in his patent of 1769 he described a method of producing continued movement in one direction, which Mr. Boulton proposed to employ for working boats along the canals. A continuous movement of machinery had indeed to some extent been secured by the use of the steam-engine, which was employed to pump up water, the fall of which turned water-wheels in the usual way. But Watt's object was to effect this by the direct action of the engine itself, and thus to supercede, in a great measure, the use of water as well as of animal power. This he at length accomplished by contrivances which are embodied in the patents he took out between the years 1781 and 1785. Among other devices, these patents include the rotatory motion of the sun and planet wheels, the expansive principle of working steam, the double engine, the parallel motion, the smokeless furnace, and the governor—the whole forming a series of beautiful inventions, combining the results of philosophical research and mechanical ingenuity to an extent, we believe, without a parallel in modern times.

The idea of the double-acting engine occurred to Watt in 1767, but he kept it back in consequence of the difficulty "he had encountered in teaching others the construction and use of the single engine, and in over-

coming prejudices." In the single engine the force which drew up the piston was the counterpoise on the pump gear, which merely sufficed to put the piston in a position for the effective down-stroke. The working powers of the engine were therefore idle during half the time, or while the piston was ascending. By making the upper part of the cylinder as well as the lower communicate with the condenser, he alternately formed a vacuum above and below, and the piston in its ascending stroke, beyond the addition of its own weight, experienced no more resistance than it had previously done in the down-stroke. While the steam was condensing at the top of the cylinder fresh steam was let in below, and drove the piston up. The process was then reversed. The steam at the bottom of the cylinder was condensed, and fresh steam was let in at the top to drive the piston down. Thus every movement was one of working power, and time was no longer lost while the engine was employed, as it were, in gathering up its strength for the stroke. The expansive principle, which effects an immense saving of steam, also occurred to Watt as early as 1767. It simply consists in cutting off the flow of steam from the boiler when the cylinder is partly filled, and allowing the rest of the stroke to be accomplished by the expansive power of the steam already supplied. As the elastic or moving force of the steam diminishes as it expands, a stroke of the piston upon this plan is not as powerful as a stroke upon the old; but the saving of steam is in a much greater proportion than the diminution of the power.

The circumstances connected with the invention of the sun and planet motion are illustrative of Watt's fertility of resources. The best method of securing continuous rotation which occurred to him was the crank—not, as he says, an original invention, for "the true inventor of the crank rotative motion was the man, who unfortunately has not been deified, that first contrived the common foot lathe. The applying it to the engine was merely taking a knife to cut cheese which had been made to cut bread." Models of a plan for adapting it to the steam-engine were constructing at Soho, when one Saturday evening a number of the workmen, according to custom, proceeded to drink their ale at the Waggon and Horses, a little low-browed, old-fashioned public-house, still standing in the

village of Handsworth, close to Soho. As the beer began to tell, one Cartwright, a pattern-maker, who was afterwards hanged, talked of Watt's contrivance for producing rotatory motion, and to illustrate his meaning proceeded to make a sketch of the crank upon the kitchen table with a bit of chalk. A person in the assumed garb of a workman, who sat in the kitchen corner and greedily drank in the account, posted off to London, and forthwith secured a patent for the crank, which Watt, "being much engaged with other business," had neglected to do at the moment. He was exceedingly wroth at the piracy, averring that Wasbrough had "stolen the invention from him by the most infamous means;" but he was never at fault, and, reviving an old idea he had conceived, he perfected in a few weeks his Sun and Planet motion. Eventually, however, when Wasbrough's patent had expired, Watt reverted to the employment of the simpler crank, because of its less liability to get out of order. Its mere adaptation to the steam-engine ought not to have been protected by a patent at all, any more than the knife which was made to cut bread should be capable of being patented for every new substance to which its edge is applied.

The mode by which Watt secured the accurate rectilinear motion of the ascending and descending piston-rod, by means of the Parallel Motion, has been greatly and justly admired. "My soul," he said, "abhors calculations, geometry, and all other abstract sciences;" but when an end was to be gained, he could apply the principles of geometry with exquisite skill. The object was to contrive that, whilst the end of the beam was moving alternately up and down in part of a circle, the end of the piston-rod connected with it should preserve a perfectly perpendicular direction. This was accomplished by means which can hardly be made intelligible in mere verbal description; but so beautiful is the movement, that Watt said that when he saw his device in action he received from it the same pleasure that usually accompanies the first view of the invention of another person. "Though I am not over anxious after fame," he wrote in 1808, "yet I am more proud of the parallel motion than of any other mechanical contrivance I have ever made."

In spite of the outward success which attended Watt, his disposition did not permit him to be happy in the midst of bustle and

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rivalries. "The struggles," he wrote to Dr. Black in December 1778, "which we have had with natural difficulties, and with the ignorance, prejudices, and villainies of mankind, have been very great; but I hope are now nearly come to an end." In this hope he was disappointed, for they continued unabated. The perpetual thought which the engine required to bring it to perfection, and the large correspondence in which the business of the establishment involved him, had to be performed under the oppression of those sick-headaches which were the bane of his existence. He was sometimes so overcome by them that he would sit by the fire-side for hours together with his head leaning on his elbow and scarcely able to utter a word. In 1782 his father died, and his inevitable absence from his bedside weighed upon his spirits. His despondency gathered strength with years, till in 1786 it appeared to have reached its climax. "In the anguish of my mind, amid the vexations occasioned by new and unsuccessful schemes, like Lovelace, I 'curse my inventions,' and almost wish if we could gather our money together, that somebody else should succeed in getting our trade from us." So he wrote to Mr. Boulton in April, and in June his account of himself was sadder still: "I have been quite effete and listless, neither daring to face business nor capable of it; my head and memory failing me much; my stable of hobby-horses pulled down, and the horses given to the dogs for carrion. I have had serious thoughts of throwing down the burthen I find myself unable to carry, and perhaps, if other sentiments had not been stronger, should have thought of throwing off the mortal coil. Solomon said that in the increase of knowledge there is increase of sorrow; if he had substituted *business* for knowledge it would have been perfectly true." These wailing notes of a mind radically wretched were renewed by the attempts to pirate his inventions. Watt was so fruitful in contrivances, that the fortunes of many ordinary mechanics were made by their pickings and stealings from him. When he was an unknown Glasgow artisan, his drawing-machine had been boldly appropriated by a London mathematical instrument maker; his micrometer had been purloined by another pilferer of the same class; his crank had been stolen from him through the instrumentality of his own

workmen; and now the pirates were endeavoring to make a prize of the condensing-engine itself, which had cost him full twenty years of anxiety and labor. The Cornish miners especially, who had derived immense pecuniary advantages from its adoption, sought on the most frivolous pretences to evade the payment of that portion of the saving which they had stipulated to pay to Boulton and Watt. A baser instance of unprincipled greediness is hardly to be found in the annals of trade. "We have been so beset with plagiaries," Watt wrote to Dr. Black, "that, if I had not a very good memory of my doing it, their impudent assertions would lead me doubt whether I was the author of any improvement on the steam-engine, and the ill-will of those we have most essentially served, whether such improvements have not been highly prejudicial to the commonwealth!" Though the patentees were invariably successful, the vindication of their rights proved a heavy fine; their legal expenses during only the last four years of their patent having amounted to between five and six thousand pounds. The peace of mind which the lawsuits cost Watt was far more serious than the cost in money. His feelings during the pending trial of 1796 are described by himself as less acute than what he had been accustomed to undergo on more insignificant occasions. "Yet I remained," he says, "after the trial, nearly as much depressed as if we had lost it. The stimulus to action was gone, and but for the attentions of my friends I ran some risk of falling into stupidity." In 1803, "after he had retired with a very moderate fortune that he might enjoy the quiet for which alone he was fitted," he ascribed his incapacity for further exertion "to the vexation he had endured for many years from this harassing lawsuit." Whoever is tempted to envy a great inventor would surely be cured of his passion by the contemplation of the life of him who was the chief of the race. Whilst he was struggling with difficulties at Glasgow, his friend Dr. Hutton had strongly dissuaded him from proceeding further with his unprofitable and distressing work. "Invention," said he, "is only for those who live by the public; or who, from pride, would choose to leave a legacy to the public. It is not a thing that will pay, under a system where the rule is to be best paid for the thing that is easiest

done." But to invent was the habitual operation of Watt's intellect, and neither the admonitions of friends, nor his experience of the miseries it entailed upon him, could turn his mind aside from its natural bent.

Among his minor works, the contrivance of which formed the pastime of his leisure hours, were his machine for copying letters, his instrument for measuring the specific gravity of fluids, his regulator lamp, his plan of heating buildings by steam, and his machine for drying linen, invented for his father-in-law, Mr. Macgregor, a dyer, at Glasgow. He was also occupied with speculations respecting an arithmetical machine, and early threw out the suggestion of a spiral oar for the propulsion of ships. His specification of the steam-engine included a steam-carriage for use on common roads, and he had many discussions with his assistant William Murdoch and his friend Lovell Edgeworth on the subject.

His residence at Birmingham was greatly cheered by the society of men of eminence in science, literature, and art. Boulton and himself formed a centre of attraction to many kindred minds, and the meetings of the Lunar Society at Soho House were long remembered as among the most delightful things of their kind. Lovell Edgeworth, himself a member, has thus described the group: "Mr. Keir, with his knowledge of the world, and good sense; Dr. Small, with his benevolence and profound sagacity; Wedgwood, with his unceasing industry, experimental variety, and calm investigation; Boulton, with his mobility, quick perception, and bold adventure; Watt, with his strong inventive faculty, undeviating steadiness, and large resources; Darwin, with his imagination, science, and poetical excellence; and Day, with his unwearied research after truth, his integrity, and eloquence; formed altogether such a society as few men have had the good fortune to live with—such an assemblage of friends as fewer still have had the happiness to possess and keep through life." To these distinguished members others were afterwards added, among whom may be mentioned Dr. Priestley, the discoverer of oxygen and other gases, Mr. Galton, the ornithologist, and Dr. Withering the botanist. In the meetings of this society originated Watt's experiments on water; and it is now placed beyond a doubt that he was the first to promulgate the true theory of its

composition, though Cavendish had arrived by independent research at the same result.

The designation of "Lunar Society" was converted into "Lunatic Society" by the people, and when the riots of 1791 broke out, one of the watchwords of the mob was "No philosophers!" Sir Samuel Romilly says that some persons even painted the denunciation on their houses. The Birmingham folks, during the last century, were certainly good haters. When the firebrand Dr. Sacheverell went down to Birmingham and called upon the people to "build up Zion" they responded to the exhortation by gutting a Dissenters' meeting-house in the neighborhood. So again at the public dinner which was held in the town to celebrate the anniversary of the French Revolution, the mob, who took the loyal side of the question, rose, pulled down two dissenting meeting-houses, and burnt or sacked the houses of some of the principal inhabitants—among others, those of Mr. Taylor, one of the chief employers of skilled labor in the town; Mr. Hutton, the bookseller and historian; and several more. But their principal fury was directed against the "philosophers"—especially Dr. Priestly, whose house and library they destroyed—and were busily engaged in plundering the house of Dr. Withering when the military arrived. Watt was included in the proscription, and, apprehending an attack upon his house, he had the Soho workmen armed for Mr. Boulton's defence and his own. "Though our principles," said he, writing to his friend De Luc, "are well known, as friends to the established government and enemies to republican principles, and should have been our protection from a mob whose watchword was "Church and King," yet our safety was principally owing to most of the dissenters living on the south of the town; for after the first moments they did not seem over nice in their discrimination of religion or principles. I, among others, was pointed out as a Presbyterian, though I never was in a meeting-house in Birmingham, and Mr. Boulton is well known as a Churchman. We had every thing most portable packed up, fearing the worst; however, all is well with us." The circumstance is worth recording, not only as an incident in the life of Watt, but as a specimen of the insane and ignorant ideas which animate mobs.

Notwithstanding that Watt was all his life

a consistent Tory, persons, who should have been better informed than the rabble of Birmingham, have sometimes affirmed that he was "a sad radical;" and in a work published in the present year, it is even related that he was hanged for treason. For the last assertion we are altogether unable to account, but the report of the radicalism of the great inventor was, no doubt, as Mr. Muirhead conjectures, derived from the circumstance that his son was in Paris at the outbreak of the French Revolution, and with the unsuspicious ardor of youth made himself, in conjunction with the poet Wordsworth, conspicuous in animating the populace. But the younger Watt was soon cured of this republican frenzy, and ended in adopting the steady Toryism of his father. "We both began life as ardent and thoughtless radicals," said Wordsworth to Mr. Muirhead, speaking of his companionship with Watt in Paris, "but we have both become in the course of our lives, as all sensible men, I think, have done, good, sober-minded Conservatives."

Watt's later years were years of comparative peace, but of bereavement. One by one his early friends dropped away; the pride and hope of his heart, his son Gregory, died also; and the old man was left almost alone. Fragile though his frame had been through life, he survived the most robust among his associates. Roebuck, Boulton, Darwin, and Withering went before him, as well as his dear friends Robison and Black. Black had watched to the last with tender interest the advancing reputation and prosperity of his protégé. When Robison returned from London and told him of the issue of Watt's suit with Hornblower for the protection of his patent right, the kind old Doctor was delighted even to tears. "It's very foolish," he exclaimed, "but I can't help it when I hear of anything good to Jamie Watt." Watt in his turn said of Black, "To him I owe in great measure my being what I am; he taught me to reason and experiment in Natural Philosophy." Dr. Black expired so peacefully that his servant, in describing his death, said that he had "given over living," having departed with a basin of milk upon his knee, which remained unspilled. "We may all pray," was the comment of Watt, "that our latter end may be like his; he has truly gone to sleep in the arms of his Creator."

Towards the close of his life Watt was distressed by the apprehension that his mental faculties were deserting him, and remarked to Dr. Darwin, "Of all the evils of age, the loss of the few mental faculties one possessed in youth is the most grievous." To test his memory he again commenced the study of German, which he had allowed himself to forget; and speedily acquired such proficiency as enabled him to read the language with comparative ease. But he gave stronger evidence of the integrity of his powers. When, in his seventy-fifth year, he was consulted by a company at Glasgow as to the mode of conveying water from a peninsular across the Clyde, to the Company's engines at Dalmar-nock—a difficulty which appeared to them almost insurmountable—the plan suggested by Watt proved that his remarkable ingenuity remained unimpaired by age. It was necessary to fit the pipes through which the water passed to the uneven and shifting bed of the river, and Watt, taking the tail of the lobster for his model, forwarded a plan of a tube of iron similarly articulated, which was executed and laid down with complete success.

A few years later, when close upon his eightieth year, the aged mechanic formed one of a party assembled in Edinburgh, at which Sir Walter Scott was present. He delighted the northern literati with his kindly cheerfulness, not less than he astonished them by the extent and profundity of his information. "The alert, kind, benevolent old man," says Scott, "had his attention alive to every one's question, his information at every one's command. His talents and fancy overflowed on every subject. One gentleman was a deep philologist—he talked with him on the origin of the alphabet, as if he had been coeval with Cadmus; another, a celebrated critic—you would have said the old man had studied political economy and belles-lettres all his life; of science it is unnecessary to speak—it was his own distinguished walk." The vast extent of his knowledge was remarked by all who came in contact with him. "It seemed," says Jeffrey, "as if every subject that was casually started had been that which he had been occupied in studying." Yet though no man was more ready to communicate knowledge, none could be less ambitious of displaying it. "He was," says Mrs. Schimmel-Penninck, in the vivid portrait she has drawn of

him in her Autobiography, "one of the most complete specimens of the melancholic temperament. His head was generally bent forward or leaning on his hand in meditation, his shoulders stooping and his chest falling in, his limbs lank and unmuscular, and his complexion sallow. His utterance was slow and unimpassioned, deep and low in tone, with a broad Scottish accent; his manners gentle, modest, and unassuming. In a company where he was not known, unless spoken to, he might have tranquilly passed the whole time in pursuing his own meditations. When he entered a room, men of letters, men of science, nay, military men, artists, ladies, even little children thronged round him. I remember a celebrated Swedish artist having been instructed by him that rat's whiskers make the most pliant painting-brushes; ladies would appeal to him on the best means of devising grates, curing smoking chimneys, warming their houses, and obtaining fast colors. I can speak from experience of his teaching me how to make a dulcimer and improve a Jew's harp." What Jeffrey said of the steam-engine may be applied to the conversation of its parent—that like the trunk of an elephant it could pick up a pin or rend an oak.

Watt returned to his little workshop at Heathfield, to proceed with the completion of his diminishing machine for copying busts and statues. His habit was, immediately on rising; to answer all letters requiring attention; then, after breakfast, to proceed into the workshop adjoining his bedroom, attired in his woollen surtout, his leather apron, and the rustic hat which he had worn some forty years, and there go on with his machine. He succeeded with it so far as to produce

specimens of its performances, which he distributed amongst his friends, jocularly describing them as "the productions of a young artist just entering into his eighty-third year." But the hand of the workman was stopped by death. The machine remained unfinished, and what is a singular testimony to the skill and perseverance of a man who had invented so much, it is almost his only unfinished work.

He was fully conscious of his approaching end, and expressed from time to time his sincere gratitude to Divine Providence for the blessings which he had been permitted to enjoy, for his length of days, and his exemption from the infirmities of age. "I am very sensible," said he to the mourning friends who assembled round his death-bed, "of the attachment you show me, and I hasten to thank you for it, as I am now come to my last illness." He passed quietly away from the world, on the 19th of August, 1819, in his eighty-third year. A statue by Chantrey—perhaps the greatest work of that master, has been placed in Handsworth Church, where Watt lies buried, and justifies the compliment paid to the sculptor, that he "cut breath;" for when uncovered before the old servants assembled round it at Soho, it so powerfully reminded them of their master, that they "lifted up their voices and wept." Watt has been fortunate in his monumental honors. The colossal statue in Westminster Abbey, also from the chisel of Chantrey, bears upon it an epitaph from the pen of Brougham, which is beyond all comparison the finest lapidary inscription in the English language, and among its other signal merits has one which appertains rather to its subject than its author, that, lofty as is the eulogy, every word of it is strictly true.

A RUSSIAN STAMPEDE.—St. Petersburg papers contain an account of the depopulation of an entire district by fright, which occurred in July last, on the Asiatic frontier, beyond the Ural. On the 3d of the month the whole population of two villages, Koslowka and Semlaunko, suddenly appeared with all their movable property, in the district town of Novosergievsk, with the intelligence that countless hordes of Bashkirs had invaded the neighboring village of Pokrowka. They also stated that the nomadic tribes of Bashkirs and Kirgheses were overrunning and laying waste the entire country. The

inhabitants of Novosergievsk were panic-stricken by the news, and fled precipitately, communicating their fright to the region through which they passed. The entire post-road from Samara to Orenburg was in motion, and on both sides of the road, for a distance of fifty wersts, wherever the rumor reached, the people fled helter-skelter. In three days twenty villages were depopulated, and in twelve others the inhabitants were on the point of leaving, when news came that the rumor was unfounded. The report seems to have originated with an inebriated government official.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE LIGHT ON THE HEARTH.

PART I.—CHAPTER I.

THE Christmas-tree had been stripped of its fruit, nought save the unlit ends of tapers hung now amid its branches; the twelfth-cake lay on the plate a bare and mutilated torso; the patter of little feet had ceased; the merry ring of laughing voices had died away, and the dancing forms had vanished; but the echoes of the voices still resounded in my ears, soft, and wordless as fairy music or the murmuring of summer winds; and the young forms floated around, fleecy and changeful like cloud-shapes, bearing only a spirit likeness to the things of earth. Anon there came amid these shadows of shades, apparitions, as it were, in this spirit-world; other faces and forms—the faces and forms known long, long ago, as the beings of our childhood—the images of old friends and companions, some long since passed away, others never since seen; and these seemed not as if they were regenerated or renewed likenesses of the men and women who had passed back into semblances of youth, but as if they had been the angels and spirits of their childhood which had stayed on the world's threshold, playing and floating still in the rosy, blushing light of life's dawn, and had never passed through the fire, or known trial, or suffering, or care. As these grew and gathered, my spirit went forth in the midst, and became as one of them. The scars and furrows, the weather-beat time-marks, were not only smoothed and softened, but obliterated wholly, and the memories of many a dark day and stern strife went out as things which had never been. I dared not look up at the glass, lest the real lines and care-stamps should bear me back to the world again.

Thus there dawned upon me, like the breaking of a morn, a vision of my youth. It was not a dream—it was too distinct for that; nor was it a memory, for there were the lights and the brightness, without the shadows or the dark spots of reality.

Once more youth came upon me—once more the world was glorified to my sight—once more the veins beat fully, and the heart-pulses throbbed with the romance and poetry which are to the acted history, or the written poems of life, as the pure, white, falling snow-flake is to those which have dabbled in earth, and been streaked with clay—once more I

stood in corduroys and bell-buttons, with a stiff, rasping frill round my neck, and rejoiced therein; for the spirit in such visions ever recognizes a consistency in externals and stage properties, and adopts them intuitively, however repellant they be to its realities.

The old faiths, the old reverences, returned once more—the old beliefs, the old interpretations and revelations, which are not, as some would say, cheats and illusions, but the shadows of better things—the shadows of Eden days and Eden being—and the soul of the boy came again as the flesh of a cleansed leper. Once more there were pictures in the clouds, angels in the sunbeams, poems in flowers, in trees, halos round men, beatitudes floating over women. Even the grotesqueness of childhood—the strange thoughts, fancies and misapprehensions which blend with its visions and illusions, as the rough shapes and forms do in Gothic architecture with floral ornaments and chiselled beauty—had no unfitness. The memory of the many mistakes and blunders which had confounded and burlesqued great things, sacred and profane, brought back no sense of shame. It was no mortification to remember how, in promising to renounce the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, there had always been present a confused belief that I thereby abjured oyster patties, jam puffs, and other kickshaws, which were always named by these denominations in the paternal speech. Nor did the cheek tingle at the thought of the reverence with which the externals of justice had once been regarded, or at the recollection of the awe with which ermine, wigs, and scarlet, impressed me, as they were paraded in stately show along the church-aisles; or of the fear which came upon me, like a deadly damp, when, having piled hassock on hassock to look on the show, the treacherous pedestal gave away, and I fell with a loud bump to the ground, and there lay speechless and powerless, expecting every moment to be haled forth by some stern javelin-man, placed before the awful presence, and there and then judged to condign punishment. Even the realizations of commonplace women and false friends did not disturb the confidence of boyish admiration and boyish love. All these sprang back again fresh and strong as ever.

Once more youth came upon me, and with it the old scenes and associations. Out from these one stood vividly and brightly. It was

a scene connected with one of those episodes which make the history of a life, which tone, and color, and character it. It was the birth-place of a feeling and an interest, which ran afterwards through the whole being, not apparently ruling or affecting its destiny, yet really leading and directing it by the good, holy influences it had created. Cannot every man detect, in his past, some such clue, which, though unseen and unknown by the many, to himself unravels all the puzzle and mystery of his destiny? The boy of other days, ignoring the man that was and had been, I stood once again in the place and time, which memory had conjured up, identified by ungainliness and fervor; by bashfulness and wild aspirations; by small cares and large hopes; by quick joys and short sorrows; by the petty agitations of marbles and prison-base, and deep, rough, unhewn thoughts of romance and chivalry; by greased jackets and torn corduroys; by dog-eared books and cracked slate; and again the heart caught up the little history which had begun and ended there in its outward action, and pursued it, stage, by stage, in its advances and consummation.

The spot was one which we boys of the grammar-school had seized upon as an extra or supplementary play-ground, and though many vested authorities strove to interfere with our settlement, we held our own, as squatters generally do. It was at the meeting of four roads. At the junction there was a row of trees, with the stumps of felled brethren standing at intervals, on which were placed the books and slates, and along it were marked pits and rings for our games at marbles. In an angle of the road was the church-yard, with its fine old massive church, its old schoolroom, an old ruined fragment of a priory, covered and almost hidden by masses of clustering ivy, and its grassy graves and old quaint tombstones. At this point, the lane, which had led along the school-gates, and by stable-doors, suddenly widened into a broad, open space, and this was selected as the arena for the sports which required most room, such as "smack smugglers," and "nip-ball-stick," a sort of degenerate hockey. Here, too, fights came off; and here, too, was the scene of a grand mêlée which took place betwixt our school and the town boys. Challenges had passed frequently to and fro; chance combats were constantly taking place when any two of the rival sets happened to meet;

and at last it was determined that the quarrel should be decided by a general engagement. We were marshalled by our leaders, who were in the Greek class, in the form of a phalanx, with the champions at the salient points, and thus marched down to the field of battle. It was our conceit that we were thus giving the correct classic touch to our warfare, though the shades of old Greek captains would have smiled grimly could they have looked on the wavering of the flanks, and on the puny, stripling forms which made the mass of the combatants. Down we went in most imposing form, slow and silent, all incipient cheers and cries being checked at once by a look from the chiefs. Our opponents were the reverse of classic in their array. Clamor, tumult, independence of throat and action, characterized their rabble rout. They were all stripped to their shirts, were bare-headed, had handkerchiefs or bands braced round their waists, and some of them were rolling earth or grass betwixt their palms or fingers, under the idea that this gave greater tenacity to the clench of the fist. They, like ourselves, had their champions, who stood in front swaying their bared arms, and shouting out challenges for some one from our ranks to come out and exchange a blow. The most vociferous of these was the son of a small farmer, a big, uncouth fellow, bulky and large-limbed, but awkward and ungainly, shuffling in his movements, and loose in his strength. As this Goliath vaunted and defied us, the phalanx advanced, and our captain, who was at the apex, stood face to face with him. Shorter and less bulky than his antagonist, he was more compact, more firmly knit, more sinewy, and more elastic; and the round smooth face, ruddy and glowing, shaded by short dark curls, and the bright brown eye, usually laughing and gladsome, but now looking forth calm and steady, were a contrast to the coarse, massive features which now grinned and scowled defiance at him. Blows were exchanged and parried, and the fight was begun. As the phalanx swayed onwards, the town boys swarmed round, and it broke out in all parts. There was one lad, the champion of the junior classes and smaller boys—a daring, reckless fellow, all dash and spring—to whom fighting was mirth and pastime, and ever and anon he would spring out on some foe, bound round in a series of attacks, finish the combat in a few rounds, or leave it unfinished,

dashing on in the *melée*, giving a black eye here, a bloody nose there, knocking out the tooth of one, or tripping up the heels of another, and ever accompanying his blows with gibe and taunt after the Homeric fashion, but rather more in the Swiveller style as to elocution. Thus the fight went on for an hour or more. Our foes were hard, lusty, and plucky; but blood and bone and compactness began at last to tell. Our tactics were not to advance beyond our own line. Against this front the town boys still advanced, but every time with more clamor and less effect, and every time the tide of attack ebbed backwards. Their champion, with two black eyes and a crippled hand, was less eager for the onslaught, and at last the whole retreated, still shouting and challenging us to follow; but we rested content with that acknowledged proof of vantage—the possession of the battle-field. Then we began to count our wounded and our hurts. As usual, the small fry had suffered most, whilst the champions carried off the glory. There was many a blubber lip, swollen face, and bruised knuckle, among us; and many a curled darling looked less lovely in his mother's eyes for many days; but there was peace betwixt the factions for a long time after.

When this arena was too limited for our operations, we used to make incursions into the churchyard to carry on our games of hide-and-seek, or hunt-the-stag, spite of the opposition of the sexton. With this functionary we were at open war—always on principle trampling down the fences by which he used to try to stop our right of way, or turn favorite spots into particular sanctuaries; even on occasion making guerilla attacks by stamping down the loose, newly-dug earth, shouting out his nickname in sepulchral tones from behind the buttresses of the schoolhouse, or pelting him with turfs as he stood up to his shoulders in the graves. Sometimes when an urchin was caught “in flagrante delicto,” he would take summary vengeance by turning him over his knee, and inflicting chastisement with the flat of his spade. At those who kept at arm's length he would hurl a quaint biting gibe, which would turn the laugh even of their comrades against them. A madcap, harum-scarum lad, who was always plaguing and aggravating him, once said, as he was laying the turf on a grave, “Well, Will, don't you wish it was

me you were packing the sod upon?” “Thee!” said the old fellow, turning round and leaning on his spade; “we don't have thee sort here: they'em buried up at the gallows plot, with a stake drove through 'em.” He was short, thick-set, hard, and weather-beaten, with a look half-sardonic, half-humorous, according to the temper of the moment, and a face marked with deep, dark lines, like the scores on a gridiron. He rejoiced, too, in the cognomen of Beelzebub. The name was not personal, but patronymic, belonging to him and his. He was a character withal, and had his joke and his saying for all times and all people: could cant or swear, pray or drink, be saint or sinner, Brianite or churchman, as the time served.

Beyond our bounds, though within reach of the noise and hubbub of our sports, stood, a little removed from the road, a square brick house, surrounded by a high wall, hiding all save the upper windows. The opening of the gate, too, was closed with lattice-work surmounted by a row of spikes, so that every thing which met the eye of passers-by was cold, hard, and formal. A stray bough of laurel escaping over the wall, or a spray of ivy peeping above the line of enclosure, alone gave signs of the verdure which was said to luxuriate within. Here lived Roger Trevenna, gentleman. The habitation was suited to the man. Tall, dark, and sombre, his exterior was forbidding enough; yet the figure, though spare and sinewy, was straight and well-knit and the face would have been handsome save for the expression of gloom and coldness which lay upon it, and which seemed to have been inlaid by constant pressure, not stamped in by sudden grief, or pain, or conscience. The expression had not the coldness of marble, but the dark, harder fixedness of bronze. The features were of the Norman type, large, and finely cut, the brow lofty and smooth: but it was the smoothness of dark waters which the sun cannot lighten and the wind cannot stir. The hair was straight, and of the jet-black hue which defies time, care, or climate, to touch it with grey. He had left his native place in early youth—had come back a more than middle-aged man. A brother had gone with him—he returned alone. Of his intermediate life little was known. It was generally supposed that he had been a planter in the West Indies, had known vicissitudes, and

endured deep trouble. None of his kith or kin were left to welcome him home. The house where he was born, and where his forefathers had lived for generations was empty; he bought it, and there abode with his wife, a gentle lady, meek and reserved, unknown to, and unknowing, those amid whom she was thus placed; gracious and charitable, yet joyless, she reflected, in her mild pensiveness, her husband's temperament, as a woman's does the man's. Trevenna had little communion with those around him. There was little sympathy betwixt them; absence had made him almost a stranger—a stranger in feeling, thought, and habit. Many of his old comrades and playmates were still living, but they had gone on in the old beaten track; he had swerved far and widely from it, and 'twas hard after so long a time, to take up the broken threads, to unite the ends of life. The interests, the topics, the pursuits, were strange: even the traditions were of a past time, and had not been moulded into the present by constant association and repetition. He tried to resume the old sporting tastes, but the effort was not genial, and brought him no nearer to his kind. Such a character was not likely to be popular. The gentles exchanged courtesies with him formally, and with a sort of constraint: the poor received his gifts, and gave cold thanks in return; the middle classes accorded him the respect due to one who was liberal in his living, and paid his way; but there existed not with any that cordial, hearty, half-familiar intercourse, which, in those days, was a charter of brotherhood betwixt the orders of men. The originals, and they were many, passed a general vote of censure on one who did not recognize their privileges in salutation or joke. The old sexton declared that he cast a shadow even on the graves: and his crony, the kennel-keeper, avowed that "the dogs yowled as he passed by." He was no favorite with us, either: he would sometimes stop to look on our sports, but never smiled, and seldom spoke: some said he sneered, though that was never well accredited. Thus he and his lived on in their quiet home, which, though it might be joyless, none dared say was an unhappy one. It was childless, however: again and again there had been hopes that the light of childhood might shine upon it: and as often as these were blighted, the gloom deepened, and grew more settled on the brow of man and wife.

There were some members of the establishment, however, in which we took a particular interest, and which, from their novelty, had a peculiar attraction. The one was a bloodhound, called Domingo, a noble fellow, deep-chested, thin-flanked, with a black muzzle and throat, and an eye sullen and threatening. Many were our attempts at fraternization with him; but the most gifted dog tamers among us—those to whom pointers and spaniels did abject homage, and at whose feet curs grovelled in the dust—could gain no greater recognition of their power than a cold rub of the nose, or a slight wave of the tail. He never gambolled or frisked, and his growl or bay made the boldest keep back. Old Pepperpot the mule was another, a vicious, obstinate brute with a stumpy tail, which stood out like a pump-handle, or was flourished about like a shillelagh. It was considered a great feat to get a mount on him either by favor or stealth, though the result was ever a kick or a tumble. With the third, a negro servant, we were more successful. He was a godsend—a treasure—an olla of oddity and fun—an ever-acting burlesque—a living jest-book—an extempore pantomime—a standing caricature—a comic interlude. His grotesqueness—his originality—his face, speech, and movement, were to us raciest touches of comicality. We laughed at him, and laughed with him; we quoted him; we pelted, bullied, and treated him. He was our butt—our low comedy—our prime story-teller—our oracle in many things. He rejoiced in the magniloquent names of Augustus Pierrepont Montmorenci. A very common quiz with the godfathers, who became surety for these black waifs and strays, was to label them with some high-sounding appellation, and thus fix on them the ridicule of a grand nomenclature. This was his titular name, and one that he repeated with great effect whenever put on his dignity; but he was commonly known among his familiars as "Quamino." Whether this was a patronymic or a soubriquet none knew, though he would always answer to it when in good temper; but woe to the youngster who ventured to use it without prefixing the Mister, for all the wrath of injured dignity would then descend in a torrent on his head. It was our great delight to entice him into our sports, and witness all his antics—his attitude when attempting to catch a ball, mouth wide open, eyes staring, hands all abroad, and legs

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bent into a graceful curve—or his position when tempted into a sparring match with the boxing gloves—the flourish of the arm, the goggle of his eyes when a feint was made, his horror if blood was drawn, and the look of rage and fury with which, after being hit hard, he would rush on, yelling out now, “I maash your cocoa-nut, Massa Harry.” It must be confessed that an unfair advantage was taken of the discovery which revealed his seat of sensitiveness, and that ever after, balls, marbles, sticks, seemed to have a natural affinity for his shins, and even snowballs were aimed in that quarter, and parts of them would stick on the shin, flecking its blackness like almonds on a pudding. There were, however, reciprocities in the alliance, and we used to atone by many a treat for all the tricks we put on him. Great part of our pocket-money went in supplying him with taffey or sugar, rum, and “baccy”—his three great weaknesses. When propitiated by these offerings, he would admit us on wet days into the stable, and there and then tell us stories, by the hour, sing nigger songs, dance nigger dances, and astonish us with tropic descriptions, which were marvellous to us as Arabian Night scenes, or the Adventures of Crusoe.

He had his cronies, had Mister Quamino, and the old sexton was one of the chief; yet they seldom met without a tilting-match, and we generally managed to be present at the encounter. The morning salutation came off mostly somewhat after this manner:—

“Well, Massa Beelzebub, how you do this morning? You berry busy. You plant plenty people this week? Me tink they not grow much after your planting—hi!”

“Who be you calling Beelzebub, I should like to know?” returned the old sexton; “I think you’re a deal more like ‘un, with yer black carcass, and yer shiny eyes, and yer hair like a singed cat’s back.”

“He! me daresay, Massa Will, you know berry well what him like. P’rhaps you see him berry often. He great friend of yours, eh! Dis bad place for you, Massa Sexton; too healthy great deal. You go to de West Ingies, dere Yellow Jack grab hundreds of dem black niggers in one night, and you plant ‘em all in one great pit. You berry happy then, Massa Will.”

“It seemeth to me, Mister Quamino, that this Yellow Jack must be very queer disease.

How is it that it always taketh the best, and leaves the refuse?”

“Where you hear that? why you tink so, Massa Beelzebub?”

“Case,” retorted his crony, “thee and thee maister was never tuk, and that’s why I think so.” Having thus broken his spear fairly, the old sexton would turn on his heel and resume his work.

Quamino, too, had his antipathies. The greatest of these was a retired tradesman, who had set up as gentleman, and affected to look with great disdain on “that black fellow,” who in turn would never accord him the slightest sign of respect or deference, and lost no chance of throwing a sarcasm indirectly at him.

One day as he was driving home old Pepperpot, and had stopped to talk with us, the *novus homo* passed by, and, with a severe moral tone, said, “I wonder, young gentlemen, you can submit to such familiarities with a low, black fellow like that!” Quamino answered not, but moved on, giving old Pepperpot at the same time two or three whacks, to which he responded in the usual style with kicks and snorts and flourishes of the tail. “Hi! hi! said he, pretending to address the mule, “you berry proud, me tink, this morning, Massa Pepperpot. You forget, me tink your fader were a jackass, hi!” and at the same time he goggled his great eyes at us, and gave the low, guttural laugh of the nigger, like the rolling of pebbles set to music.

Such was the scene, such its features, such some of the elements of the vision which memory conjured up. How distinctly the characters live again—how vividly the old house, scene of joys, of happy hours, of trials and triumphs, rises before me—with the little mystery of gloom hanging over it.

The drama begins—the stage opens. The time was a spring morning. The air was fresh and sweet with the fragrance of grapes and wildings, and brought with it the healthy smell from the newly-turned mould of gardens. The hedges were gay with Lent lilies, and the blackthorn was everywhere shedding forth a crown of blossom. The sun shone brightly and merrily, playing in shadows on the graves, glancing on the windows of the church and schoolroom, glinting lights from the ivy on the wall, and striking out golden touches from the opening buds of the laburnum. The birdies were all in stir and twit-

ter; the rooks cawed and fluttered round their nests in the trees by the old church-tower.

The air was full of scents and sounds—the world was full of life; and we, we boys, though too young to feel the power which, in spring, “turns a young man’s fancy to thoughts of love,” felt still the unrest and movement, the issues and the impulses, of the young life which was growing around us. We were sitting about on the old stumps, debating on flies and collars—for marbles were out, and fishing was coming in with us—and we were speculating on the coming of the salmon-spawn, the great event in our sporting era. Suddenly the back door of Trevenna’s house opened, and forth came Quamino with a bound and a shout, as if he had been shot. Then recovering himself, he proceeded to dance a saraband; then would stop to give vent to several *hi, hi, hi’s*, puffing them forth like blasts from a bellows; then would come on with a running dance, slapping his thighs, shouting out exclamations, and stopping every while in ecstasies of laughter.

“Halloa, Quamino, what is the matter?” said we. “Is the devil dead?”

“Massa George, I really ‘shamed of you speaking in dat are way. What de matter? Oh, golly! golly! plenty de matter. Never hear sich news since I war born. What you tink, gemmen?” he continued, drawing himself up with a look of grave importance. “God have been pleased to send my missus a little girl. It was born this morning; and Massa Trevenna he look so ‘appy, I never see him look so as he took the leetle piccaninny in him arms, and said, ‘God be praised, dere will be light on de hearth at last.’” Then he went off with

“Come let us dance and sing,
And Barbadoes’ bells shall ring.”

And as if in answer to the invocation, the church-bells struck out a merry peal, filling the air with joyous sound. “Oh golly, golly!—dat right. Ring away, good bells. Tell de news to all de people. Dis a great day for de house of Trevenna.

“I s’pose,” suggested old Beelzebub, who had been peeping over the churchyard hedge during this scene, “as how you will be head nuss now, Quamino.”

“I hope, saar, that I shall do my best to help de lady who ‘ficiates in dat ‘pacity.”

“The cheeld will be well off with thee for nuss, I think,” rejoined the sexton. “It only wants another black person for godf’r, and ‘twill be a blessed babby.”

“I tink you forget your manners, Massa Will. You might ‘spect my feelings on dis great ‘casion, ‘specially as Massa Trevenna hab give me de privelege to ask my friends to drink de young laady’s health in a leetly ponch dis night.”

The mention of punch converted old Will’s gibes at once into most hearty congratulations, for he was always open to the temptation of a quiet debauch; and the prospect of a drinking bout would always with him turn the balance betwixt saint and sinner.

“But how is it, Quamino,” said one of the boys. “that you know any thing about nursing? Where did you serve your apprenticeship to that business?”

“Why, saar, me once hab two lubbly piccaninnies of my own—black as a crow—very lubbly piccaninny; and when der moder was sick, or at de mill, me rock de cradle, and make de paap for dem; but Yellow Jack take ‘em both in one night. Poor piccaninnies!”

“But I thought,” added his tormentor, “that you niggers were not allowed to have any thing to do with your own babies; but that they were turned out to be suckled by the pigs or goats, or dragged up anyhow.”

“Dat what they say at ‘mancipation meeting, saar; but it not true—it one great lie. De nigger, saar, hab de feeling of a man for him offspring, and de laadies raaly hab too much feeling. I know one black laady dat kill her piccaninny with kindness.”

“How was that?” was shouted out on all sides.

“Why, I tell you, sir, dis laady see her piccaninny one night look berry paale, and see him shiver and shaake all over, and she say, ‘poor piccaninny, him berry cold; me put him into de obben (oven) to keep him waarm.’ She put him into de obben, saar; and when she come in the marning, the piccaninny lie on him back, wid him mouth gasping and him eye staring, ‘tark and ‘tiff as man-o’-war Bucera;—him dead. She kill him wid too much kindness. Black laady raaly hab too much heart. But now me go and fetch de sago and de gruel for de missus.”

Off he went, and the bell summoned us to school; but ever during the day, as we passed to and fro, the house of Trevenna wore to us

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a different aspect. The thought that guardian angels, following in the train of the young soul, were hovering round the threshold, and keeping watch and ward over the light which had just gleamed on that lonely hearth, shed, perchance, a holiness and beauty over its gloomy exterior, and sublimed it to our sight.

CHAPTER II.

"Holy is the sway
Of that mysterious sense which bids us bend
Toward the young souls now clothed in helpless
clay—
Fragile beginnings of a mighty end;
Angels unwinning—which human care must
tend."

YES! holy is the sway, holy the influences, which the young life spreads around it. Mysterious the charm which its presence brings—the joy which it reflects—the sanctity it extends over its little sphere. Strange power is there in this young life—strange power to hallow misfortune, to beautify poverty, to soften pride, to hearten endeavor, to renew hope, to chasten worldliness, to inspire prayer. Strange is it, that this young life, so helpless, so weak, so innocent, should, by its coming, stir up men anew to work and toil—should incite men to pray who had seldom prayed before—should rekindle hope in the embers of cold hearts—should relight love on fireless altars, and restore the strength of declining faith. Strange indeed, save that it seems to come as a message, a token from above, linking us with the spirit world—a claim on our care, yet a proof of our God's; a trust to our love, and the gift of His—a renewal, a refreshing of covenants and promises. Well is it when it is thus welcomed, thus accepted.

It seemed to be so in the home of Roger Trevenna. The light on the hearth diffused itself far and wide. The man himself stepped out of his exclusion and gloom, and stood more fairly in the circle of humanity; his soul looked out more brightly from his eye; his face lightened; his step was more elastic; and his voice was mellowed to a kindlier tone. He would now more frequently stop at our playground, and would look out on us furtively from over the hedge and palings, and would smile at our jokes and pranks; but he was still a novice in speaking to the school-boy nature; he was yet new to the lessons which the young life was teaching him. To the poor he was another man. His charity

was more genial; he had words and sympathies, would offer comfort and communion to them now. With those of his own degree the old reserve was as yet unrelaxed. It was not in one hour, or in one day, that the barriers and the outworks which he had raised up betwixt himself and the world could be undermined or shaken.

The light on the hearth beamed on the wife and mother with a gentle effect, radiating happiness on the calm, and beautifying her face by the expression of a spirit bathing in the sunshine of peace. She changed, as a picture does when moved from a bad light to a good one, all the soft touches and bright effects coming out and spreading a harmony of loveliness over the whole. From up that cradle bed came a blessing which followed her out and in, as a present joy brightening her home and her life.

The house itself seemed to throw off its gloom and seclusion, and open itself more to the sunlight and the world. Its first advance was the throwing down the lattice-work of the gate, and allowing glimpses of flower-beds, and windows trellised with clusters of roses and jasmine, with fruit-trees and bushes opening out long vistas of luxuriance and longing to our eyes. The summer sun was shining brightly on the gardens, revealing all their beauty of leaf and flower, all their wealth of bud and blossom, and disclosing tempting visions of plums and peaches ripening on the walls, and raspberries and gooseberries hanging from their bushes, ripe and luscious, when the gate opened, and forth issued a procession. There was the nurse carrying the little one—the Rose Trevenna that was to be—and the father and the mother, proud and glad, accompanied by old Squire Grenfell and his wife, who, in right of old family friendship, had assumed the sponsorship. Bringing up the rear was Mister Quamino, rejoicing in a new coat and tremendous shirt-frill, and holding in his hand a large cake, which was to be given, according to christening custom, to the first person fairly meeting the party. So dignified and official was he, so impressed with the importance of the occasion and the necessity of a becoming bearing, that no salutation or gibe could tempt him from the proprieties. Even the query, why old Pepperpot, as one of the family, was not present, was answered only by a sidelong glance

of contempt. Domingo, the bloodhound, was in attendance, stalking slowly by the side of the nurse, and looking up now and then at her burden. On none had the new-born wrought more change than on him. From the instant of its appearance he had attached himself to it; had followed it everywhere as body-guard; had obtruded himself into the nursery, and, when permitted, would lie with his large black head resting on the cradle, as though conscious how precious that life was to his master's house, and of the claim it therefore had on his guardianship.

Strongest of all the instincts which the dog shows in his association with man, is his attachment to young life,—his tenderness towards it, his patience with it, his voluntary protectorship of it. To lick the hand which feeds, to fear the hand which strikes, is a common nature; but to watch over the feebleness of infancy, to bear with its frolics, to fondle its weakness, to soften down the savagery of strength and fierceness at its influence, is, perhaps, the most perfect and the most beautiful homage which the creature pays to the supremacy of man. It is the closest tie between nature and reason—betwixt the laws of instinct and the impulses of the soul.

As the procession came back, and the little new-made Christian, the little baptized Rose, passed us, we gave a sort of cheer, partly from the impulse of the moment, created by the unwonted interest which had grown round the occasion, partly from a desire to disturb the equanimity of Mister Quamino, who, however, acknowledged it most superbly, as though it were a personal compliment. In return for our interest, we were invited into the garden, a *terra incognita* to us, and permitted a free range among the fruit-trees. Our razzia would have been as destructive as the ravages made by a flight of locusts, save for the remarks of Quamino, which rather shamed our voracity.

"Me quite s'prised," he would say, "to see young gemmen so hab liking for dem poor tings—we not tink nothing of dem in the Ingies. Dere we have de pineapple and de shaddock as big as my head—and de guava and de plantain. Hi! dem something like fruit. Raaly it great daay, when de missus bile de presaarve. Dere was de great copper like de vat for de beer, and all de laadies of de 'tation were dere, and all de piccanninies licking um lips and um fingers

when dem hab chance. It raaly great sight. I tink, saar, you nebber taste de pineapple jam or de guava jelly."

We felt in our hearts the mortifying conviction that we had not, and after some such grand speech, which would conjure up visions of Elysian fields luxuriant with pines and bananas, and of great halls where caldrons of sweets were seething and steaming continually, the fruit which before had an Eden look and flavor to us, would seem poor and grubby in our eyes.

The christening-day closed an era in the vision. The light on the hearth was just dawning, and yet how bright already had it made the little world on which it shone.

CHAPTER III.

THE years of babyhood had passed away, when memory again takes up the vision, and we look once more on the home of Roger Trevenna. They had been sunny years, ripening years. The young life had burst into sunshine; the old hearts had ripened into happiness—an autumn happiness, with a touch of the yellow leaf, yet bright, rich, and cheerful. Trevenna was in truth younger than when we saw him last. Years had added to his age, but the youth which wells forth from the heart had renewed the vitality of the man—had given fresh springs to his being. The young life had reflected itself on his. Heart and brow were more open and glad some now, and his speech was loosed, and from his mouth came words of joy, cheer, and kindness. He had opened his house as well as his heart, and the barrier-gate of exclusion betwixt him and the world was thrown down. The walls were lowered almost to the ground, and around the paling which rose in its stead, clustered roses and clematis and honeysuckle, making, with intervening laurels and lilacs, a goodly screen, which fenced the garden in without shutting it out. Guests went in at the open gate, and there were welcomes and cheer within the hitherto closed doors. Old Squire Grenfell declared that Trevenna, like his Maderia, had taken a long time to ripen, and that most other men, and other wines, would have grown crusty and tawny with such long bottling.

Mister Quamino, like his kind, was getting fat and lazy, and finding the duty of head-nurse very light work, had devoted himself entirely to it, declaring it was some pleasure

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to wait on Missey Rose, for that old Domingo was getting quite unsociable, and "as for dat Pepperpot, I tink he must hab de soul of ten hundred black nigger in him ugly carcass—him so cussed and so tiffey now, that dere is no pleasure in him company."

Why linger so long in summoning up the soul of the vision, in letting in the "light on the hearth?" Why? Save that there was ever about and around it a brightness, a sacredness of joy, which the soul scarcely dare recall—a spiritualism of purity, hope, and loveliness which it hesitates to revive, almost as it would to reclaim a loved soul from the regions of bliss. As it appears once more, like the opening of a summer cloud, there comes with it a fulness of summer sunshine—a fulness of summer beauty. Sweet smells are wafted around, and lovely sights wave to and fro. Sweet music, the sound of summer winds, the waving of boughs, and the rustling of leaves and grasses, float over the memory, an overture of soft and glad some melody. There is a large hawthorn-tree in the midst of a lawn, covered with bright pink blossom, which falls in light showers on the grass at the passing of every breeze. Around and beneath the boughs a young form is fitting and dancing in the sunlight, seeming to mingle with it, to catch it with every breath, with every glow of the fair face, with every wave of the golden hair, with every bounding step.

The step of childhood, the *pas* of beauty! We compare it with the bound of a fawn, the gambol of a lamb; yet these are but poor and halting comparisons. It is like nothing which the earth sees of grace or lightness, save the dancing of sunbeams or the playing of shadows.

Such was thy step, Rose! Such wert thou—a thing of light, and joy, and beauty. The bright blue eye beamed and laughed; the soft, round face was alight with glee and laughter; the fair shoulders gleamed "white as hawthorn bud" or pearly shell, and the tresses which strayed and floated over them caught and reflected a hue from every light, spreading a maze of amber rays. Such wert thou as thy light figure sported on the lawn. Well might Trevenna's eyes gladden as they lighted upon it, and followed it, and rejoiced over it. It had a spell, too, for Quamino, as he sat on the grass pretending to work, but in reality watching every turn of Missey Rose, answering her questions and ministering to

her pastime. Domingo, too, was stretched at full length in the sunshine, but his eye moved slowly round and round as the child ran and leaped, or stooped among the flowers. As she came nearer he would lift up his great head, and lap out his tongue, and would suffer her to tie garlands around his neck, or hang bunches of flowers to his tail. Quamino would sometimes be subjected to the same process, and would lay his ugly head in her lap, like another Bottom, to have it tricked out with bluebells and primroses, chuckling all the while, and mocking his fellow-victim. Me tink, Massa Domingo, we look bretty pair of fools, like de Jacks-in-de-green. Eh! How you feel, ole fella!"

All the elements in her little world yielded and ministered to the young life. She was even made free of all the sanctuaries in the churchyard—might pluck blossoms from the favorite shrubs—weave daisy chains on the graves, or strew buttercups on the immaculate paths, without reproof; and old Will would lean on his spade and look at her, unless observed, when he would return to his misanthropy and his digging.

About this time we were advanced into shirt-collars and Horace, and the pulses of poetry began to beat fitfully in our nature. Often as we saw this garden scene, we strove to render it into heroics or Sapphics; but the thoughts would not fit into classic measure, and thus jingled themselves into rhyme:—

She comes with fairy footsteps;
Softly their echoes fall;
And her shadow plays like a summer shade
Across the garden wall.
The golden light is dancing bright
Mid the mazes of her hair,
And her fair young locks are waving free
To the wooing of the air.

Like a sportful fawn she boundeth
So gleefully along,
And as a wild young bird she carolleth
The burden of a song.
The summer flowers are clustering thick
Around her dancing feet,
And on her cheek the summer breeze
Is breathing soft and sweet.

The very sunbeam seems to linger
Above that holy head,
And the wild-flowers at her coming
Their richest fragrance shed.
And oh! how lovely light and fragrance
Mingle in the life within!
Oh! how fondly do they nestle
Round the soul that knows no sin!
She comes, the spirit of our childhood—
A thing of mortal birth,

Yet hearing still a breath of heaven
To redeem her from the earth.
She comes in bright-robed innocence,
Unsoiled by blot or blight,
And passeth by our wayward path
A gleam of angel light.

Oh! blessed things are children!
The gifts of heavenly love,
They stand betwixt our worldly hearts
And better things above.
They link us with the spirit world
By purity and truth,
And keep our hearts still fresh and young
With the presence of their youth.

Often did we hover around her as she passed, with Domingo carrying a basket, and Quamino mocking him, to make little offerings of eggs and shells which we had gathered; and we seemed all unconsciously to be drawn in to the fostering and guardianship of that young life.

About this time the recollection comes upon us, that there began to grow upon the father a sort of restless anxiety—a vague fear that some danger, some fate, might be hovering o'er the Light on his hearth. He would show this in many little ways and many little signs; but there were two things which then occurred to give a graver tone to his apprehensions, and a body to his fears. The shadow of death fell across him like a foreboding omen, and the violence of man invaded the safety of his house; yet these even brought not back the gloom to his face, but only shaded it with passing clouds.

CHAPTER IV.

The shadow of death brought the first fear.

ROSE had a play-fellow, the niece of Squire Grenfell, an orphan, and the daughter of a favorite sister. Little Lucy Penrice was a gentle, fragile thing, with large, dark eyes, and straight black hair lying like a framework around the pale marble complexion. Not joyous as Rose, nor so agile, nor so graceful, she would yet enter into all the sports and gambols with a quiet earnestness and pensive pleasure; and though her laugh rang not so loudly, and her step was not so buoyant, yet her pale face would flush, and her deep eyes swim beneath their long lashes with gladness, as they together chased o'er the grass, or danced 'neath the trees. And she would sit for hours listening to Quamino's wondrous stories, with parted lips, and eyes bent fixedly with a sort of mysterious awe on his strange, grotesque features.

Hand in hand, and side by side, they glided on through the summer hours, playing on the lawn or in the Squire's park—sometimes riding along the deep glades, and over the sunny slopes, attended by the old huntsman, who had constituted himself riding-master. Here Lucy had the advantage. Early trained to back and manage her pony, she had learnt confidence and address; whilst Rose, who had been initiated by Quamino on Peppercot, was comparatively timid and unskilful.

The experiment had been long debated, but 'twas only after much coaxing that Quamino was prevailed upon to trust her on the back of that "cussed old tief. Dere no knowing what tricks dat ole devil up to. P'raps he hab better manners with Missey Rose. She tame ebbery thing; p'rhaps she tame dat darned ole mule." So the thing was tried, and though Peppercot did not show his pride of the burden he bore, by prancing and caracoling after the fashion of well-bred steeds, he behaved like a respectable middle-class quadruped, and was wonderfully steady for one of his temperament—compensating himself afterwards for his forbearance by biting furiously at old Quamino, and half kicking his stall down. After one or two successful attempts, Rose was so pleased with the exercise, that her father sought far and near for a steed worthy of her; and there soon appeared a pony, which was to us, after our rough moorlings, quite a wonder of beauty. White, without a spot or mark—Arab-shaped, with a mane and tail flowing and silvery—it seemed only fitted for a fair and gentle thing like Rose, and we refrained even from putting it through the usual surreptitious ordeal.

On went the bright summer days—on went the bright summer life. Autumn came, and brought only a brighter hue on Rose's cheek; but on Lucy's there glowed little carmine spots bright with false, treacherous, hectic beauty. Autumn passed into winter, and the spots deepened—the fragile form grew more frail, the pale face thinner, and the dark eyes deeper and more hollow. Rose had now to seek her friend by the fireside, and there flitted around her, cheering her with song and glee, and lifting her to the window to see Mister Quamino improvise a nigger dance for her especial entertainment. The fireside was soon changed for the sick chamber. There poor Rose followed: her glee

was hushed and stilled now; her young soul, averted by the shadow of death, could only love and pray, and twine itself round the beloved object. Solemn and sacred is the commune betwixt young spirits when death thus stands betwixt them—too sacred, too pure for world-worn intelligence; yet doubtless the thoughts and utterances of such times pass right up to heaven, to live in the records of the holy and beautiful things said and done upon earth.

Long this young light waned and flickered, then lighted up; then waned again, gliding gently away without struggle, without pain, without fear, amid sweet thoughts and ministering love, upborne by agencies and visions we wot not of. At last, one morning, a messenger came and said there was one angel more in heaven. That day our playground was silent and deserted. The shadow of death passed darkly on sweet Rose, clouding for awhile her whole being, hushing her voice, dulling her footstep, and shading the bright light which floated around her. The mother saw this change, and felt with a woman's instinct, that the young life would spring up again fresher and purer than ever, after this first trial of grief.

It was not sorrow which fell on Trevenna when his daughter's play-fellow was thus taken from her; it was a strange dread foreboding, a dark chilling fear brought upon him by the knowledge that death could touch youth. He could not understand, in his anxiety, why one should be taken and the other left, and saw in every shade, in every change, the fearful shadow brooding over his light on the hearth. At the funeral—we were all there, mournful and sad for awhile as boys are, half-tearfully watching the falling of the mould and the placing of the sod, half-curiously marking the two robins hopping on the ivy over the old wall and calling up legendary recollections of the Babes in the Wood—this contact with young death seemed to chill Trevenna like the touch of a skeleton, and to conjure up before and around him a fearful apparition of peril and woe: vainly did he strive to stave it off by hope, by precaution, and care; it still hung about and haunted him, starting up before Rose in her flowery path, hovering o'er her cradle bed, and brooding in spectral gloom o'er her golden tresses. Still Rose bloomed and grew in beauty, and the light of heaven shone upon

her with the brightness of full and happy years.

The other source of apprehension was much more strange and mysterious. It made a choice *morceau* of gossipry for many days, and was passed on from mouth to mouth with every kind of marvellous and melodramatic addition. Thus ran the story in its first and simplest stage:—

One dark night in the beginning of winter the household was aroused by the deep baying of Domingo, then by a loud scuffling in the passage leading from the nursery, mingled with growls, deep curses in a man's voice, and the screams of the child. All at once was alarm and commotion. The mother rushed to her darling's cradle. The men followed the sounds on and on through the house, and into the courtyard—Trevenna foremost. When the main body arrived they saw by the partial light of a lantern their master striving to draw off the dog from a man, at whose throat he hung with a fierce and savage gripe. The blood was flowing from both, and 'twas evident that the struggle had been close and deadly. The dog, mad with fury and the taste of blood, could only be forced from his hold by the strong hand of Trevenna, when almost choked with the grasp—and then, in his ferocity, turned for a moment on his master; but the instinct of obedience made him crouch for an instant. Then he was seized at once by the domestics at Trevenna's command, and held back, springing and struggling forwards, and howling with rage when unable to get free, his eyes glaring, his hair bristling like a mane, his whole body quivering with passion, his fangs glittering, and his mouth dropping blood. The man, his foe, was leaning against the wall, apparently faint and exhausted in the struggle. Trevenna caught the lantern and held it to his face, uttered one short exclamation as the light flashed for an instant upon it, and then started back and dropt the lantern to the ground. Some rushed at once to get another light, some to secure the dog. When they returned, Trevenna and Quamino were alone, the one deadly pale, the other looking affrighted and scared. The man, robber, burglar, or whatever he was, had escaped over the low wall in the darkness and confusion, and was gone. The pursuit was made, but no trace or track was found. In the morning, drops of blood were discovered leading in

an opposite direction to that which Quamino had persisted in making the search. Nothing was heard or found to throw much light on the affair. Entrance had been made over the wall, and through the back door, which was forced in a way too clumsy for a practised hand; a bowie-knife stained with blood, which accounted for Domingo's wounds and gashes, was picked up in the yard. The child had been startled from her sleep by a growl from the dog, and as she opened her eyes, saw him rush on a dark form in the doorway; terror kept her from seeing or hearing any thing more distinctly. The servants declared, as servants always do on such occasions, that they had seen a dark, large man lurking about the house for several evenings previously, but had not thought it worth mentioning, as robbery was so rare a thing in that place.

Many were the versions and interpretations of the story. All wondered that a man, evidently weakened and crippled as the robber was said to be, could have made his escape from a man so determined and powerful as Trevenna, aided too by his black servant; and many suggested that the fury of the dog seemed as if it had been excited or exasperated by a remembrance of hatred and injury, as well as by an instinct of danger and the fierceness of the struggle. For a time Domingo seemed so maddened and so dangerous, that it was thought necessary to chain him up in his kennel; and there he lay, sullen and almost motionless, refusing his food, taking no notice of any one, not even licking his wounds, and suffering none to touch them, until Rose went to him by stealth the next day, and began to pet, and caress, and fondle him. At first he was proof even against this, and then, as if some instinct had succeeded that of hatred and anger, he rose up, licked her hands and face, and returned to his old temper and habits. But from that hour he never left the child: he slept by her bed, he crouched beneath her chair, and followed her in all her goings, galloping by her pony's side or stalking along by her path, making sudden rushes over hedges and through gaps, to reconnoitre and search for concealed danger.

All was done, too, at the house, that could be done by bolt, bar, and night-patrolling, to make the watch and ward sure for the future. Yet the "shadow of death," and the secret

peril to his child, cast a gloom once more on Trevenna, which lay on his happiness like a dark, lowering cloud in a bright sky; but the light on the hearth still shone clear, and bright, and full.

CHAPTER V.

HERE there seemed to arise in the vision of past days, as an interlude, the revelation of Roger Trevenna's early life. This revelation was woven out of the loose threads of after-knowledge inferences and facts picked up here and there but wrought and spun by the power of memory into a little whole, a piece, a scroll-work, showing the pattern of the after-design, interpreting the present and the future by the past. From it the heart intuitively gathers a clue to the mystery of the gloom which had brooded over Trevenna and his house, and of the joy which the presence of young life brought—sees how the darkness of error had clouded the soul, and how the light of hope may lift it off, and leave only brightness and clearness behind.

In this interlude or revelation, we see two youths, brothers, going forth into the world to seek change and action, the one joyous, impulsive, thoughtless, sensual; the other graver, more steadfast, sterner in will and principle. These are John and Roger Trevenna. We see them, then, moving in a tropic scene, toiling and striving in the work of a West Indian plantation, heartfelt and earnest, good masters, true partners, confident in themselves, trustful of one another—so trustful that they enter into bond and contract that their gains shall never be alienated, but shall become the right and property of the survivor of the two; and that if one be childless in law, the whole inheritance shall pass to the heir of the other. Then succeed dark scenes and tableaux in the drama. They are apart now, the brothers, though not as yet divided. Prosperity has increased their possessions and swelled their power, and we see their simplicity and trustfulness degenerating into arrogance, luxury, worldliness. In the division of the picture, a series of tableaux represent the drama of John's life. There is a man in the lustihood of strength and spirits, overcast by the shadows of vices which are gathering around him; then we see him falling, coarse, sensual, mated with one below him—surrounded, borne down, by vicious influences and vicious agencies; then

fallen, besotted, brutal, tyrannical, reckless. And then we look on the last scene of all: we see a man lying on his face in a balcony, with glasses and bottles around him; we see him raised up; we hear the verdict—"Dead—died by the visitation of God;" and none see there the hand of man. None know then how that his slaves, goaded to madness by cruelty and brutal wrong, had found him in his drunkenness, had bound a fatal cord round his throat, outside his cravat, and thus pressed out his life, leaving no mark or sign of violence; leaving him there on his own floor, "dead—dead by the visitation of God." Then the curtain drops, then rises, and we see the other division of the picture, the action of the other life. The first scene rises and shows us Roger the younger brother alone—alone in strength and trial, standing aloof as yet from the temptations which beset him, as yet faithful and unyielding. Another scene, and a woman's dark figure is moving across and beside him; his foot has slipped; the dark hour has come upon him, and his spirit strives in vain to escape from the meshes in which his passion has entangled him. Again the scene shifts, and a woman, profligate and vile, with her son—his son, base-born, and bearing the stamp of a degraded race—is dragging him down, down into an abyss of misery, shame, and despair. A hand, the hand of his own begotten, is raised to spoil him—is raised against his life; the watchfulness of a dog, the faithfulness of a slave, ward off the danger. One more scene, and he is rising up against the sin

which is crushing him, is turning his back on the scene where shame had blotted his life and degraded his soul—where a brother had lived and died foully. Onwards it moves, and he is in the land of his birth—has met one whom he had known and loved years ago—one whose heart had stood faithful through the trials of absence and neglect—one who consents to soothe and comfort him. Onwards it moves again, and he is in the home of his youth, bearing on his heart the gloom of past folly and past trials—bearing in his heart scars of old wounds—expiating error in contrition and self-reproach—praying that in mercy the light of young life may gleam on his being which shall bring on him no shame, which shall pass on his name in honor, which shall save his inheritance from degraded heirship: the prayer is heard, and a light shines on his hearth.

Such was Trevenna when our story opens—a man on whom folly and death had shed a gloom—whose early life and early hopes had been blighted by error—who had sinned and sorrowed, and hoped that penitence might avert retribution, and that he might rejoice and be glad in the fair promise before him.

And the light shone on his hearth.

Shall it brighten there, and grow more radiant and radiating, or shall it grow pale, and set darkly and sorrowfully, leaving darkness behind? This the future of our vision, as it speeds onwards, will reveal.

IMPROVED HOT-AIR BLAST FURNACE.—Barlow's hot-air blast furnace is highly commended for its efficiency and economy. It consists of an arrangement by which the smoke and gases that generally pass off through the chimney and are lost, are withdrawn from the chimney or smoke-flue, thoroughly mixed and incorporated with abundant supplies of highly heated atmospheric air, so as to promote their complete combustion, and then taken and forced under and through the fire or furnace, to be effectually consumed, thus economizing fuel, with an increased amount of heat and also securing a con-

stant hot-air blast; and the whole arrangement of the mechanism is rendered self-adjusting, according to the pressure of steam in the boiler. The damper of the chimney is kept almost wholly closed, and but very little, if any, smoke is seen to rise from the chimney even when soft coal is burned. Careful and extended experiment has shown that, by the application of this invention to a furnace and boiler engine, full thirty per cent. of fuel is saved, and that while using the same kind of fuel, and performing the same amount of work.—*National Intelligencer.*

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE POLITICAL PULPIT OF THE CIVIL WAR.

THE modern sermon will not perhaps rank very high among the historical documents of the future. The days have long passed when Wat Tyler found a Tyrtæus in preacher Ball; when a voice from Paul's Cross proclaimed the fall of a mighty hierarchy and an ancient faith; when a sermon of Knox was more powerful than an army of Frenchmen; when, from the pulpit of St. Margaret's, beneath the shadow of Westminster Abbey, the divines of the Assembly hurled defiance against the "children of Edom, the seed of the Malignant and the Papist." The increased importance and publicity of Parliamentary debates, the wide field opened by the modern press for the discussion of every social and political question of the day, have, together with the altered taste of the age, narrowed the preacher's sphere, and warned him from ground which he once occupied unquestioned. The style, too, of our pulpit oratory is not that to which our forefathers were accustomed. The serried phalanx of learned names and Latin quotations with which our older divines strengthened their positions, would now pass for intolerable pedantry. On the other hand, the exuberant stream which once played over every corner of the broad field of human life, now runs in a fixed and narrower channel. The broad jest, the genial anecdote, the familiar illustration, the vivid and homely picture of daily life which entered so largely into the sermons of our divines of the Reformation, are now rarely heard within a consecrated building by an English church-goer. The future historian of the nineteenth century will find no Latimer to lighten the inevitable darkness of the past.

Yet with all this, a pile of "Occasional Sermons by different Authors," may be not wholly useless to the student of English history some one or two centuries hence. Words spoken by Englishmen to Englishmen on the more marked and moving events of their day—on Irish famines, cholera visitations, Crimean death struggles, Indian heroism, missionary jubilees—sound they never so tame and common-place in our ears, must reveal something of the deep heart of an age over which the clouds of time will have long since gathered. To the children of our children's children they may help to picture this England of their forefathers.

Be this as it may, no one who, dissatisfied with our ordinary histories, tries in a hearty and loving spirit to understand the England of the past, will turn aside from the sermons of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Indeed, we suspect that he who wishes to read aright the inner springs of that great struggle which turned the swords of the best and noblest of England against each other, will do well to steal some time from White-locke, and Clarendon, and Rushworth, and read, not one or two, but many of the sermons of the time; not of one or two preachers, but of many. The unconscious yet faithful record that he will there find of the thoughts and feelings of an age which thought and felt deeply, will often be more instructive than the freshest chronicle of daily skirmishes and negotiations, than the most glowing recital of marches and battles, than the most labored of State Papers. Their attentive perusal will often aid us to understand and appreciate what, without them, is merely perplexing and baffling.

For ourselves, we owe much to those small dingy quartos which still lie, bound and unbound, in obscure bookstalls, relics of the dispersed libraries of ejected minister and nonjuring priest. We would fain, with our reader's consent, introduce him to our latest acquisition,—a volume of Sermons preached between 1621 and 1645. The original owner's name is still legible on the title-page, "Gulielmus Howard, Miles, 1645;" above the name is a line of Ovid in the same handwriting; beneath, a verse from the Epistle of St. Jude, in fair Greek characters, faded and yellow, for the hand that wrote them has long been dust. Many of these sermons were preached before the Houses of Parliament by the most eminent of the Parliamentary divines, in the very midst of the Civil War. They smack strongly, one and all, of that stirring time, and with our reader's leave we will at once open the church door and conduct him to his seat.

We will begin with "a sermon preached by Alexander Henderson, Minister at Edinburgh, to the Honorable the House of Commons at their late solemn fast, Wednesday, Dec. 27, 1643." The very name of the preacher, the very date of his sermon, is suggestive of the close alliance that had just been formed between the English Parliament and the Scotch Presbyterians. The sight of an English

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House of Commons going in full procession, on Wednesday in Christmas week, to listen to a Scotch minister in St. Margaret's of Westminster, marks the close though short-lived union between Scot and Londoner, between Presbyterian and Independent, which the statesmanship of Vane had just achieved. And indeed, there was need of all the art of Vane to save the cause for which he was struggling, from total wreck. The year had been a dark one, and the strife seemed merely a waste of precious lives, without result to either side. Hampden had fallen in the summer; Lord Brooke had received the fatal bullet in Lichfield-close; Sir William Waller—William the Conqueror, as his hasty friends had called him—had been routed by Wilmot on the Wiltshire downs; Bristol had surrendered to Rupert; the great lords, Bedford, Holland, and others, had gone over to the Court, and got but cold reception: even the victorious march of the London train-bands to Gloucester, and their return from Newbury amidst the shouts of the citizens, had done little to reassure the hard-pressed Parliament: for the autumn brought the news that the King had made peace with the Irish Papists, reeking from the yet unavenged horrors of the massacres of 1641, and that his troops were receiving constantly fresh reinforcements from the zeal of Ormond. The counter-stroke was the close alliance with the Scots, ably negotiated, but dearly purchased. The price paid was no less than the signing of the Covenant by every Member of Parliament, and by all officials, military and civil, and the establishment of the great meeting of divines which goes by the name of the Westminster Assembly. The Scotch were then masters of the situation; the grave had just closed over Pym, and the preacher selected to address the Parliament was Alexander Henderson, a man of high repute for learning and piety among northern divines, the future champion of Presbyterianism in the discussion with the captive King. It was no more than natural that such a preacher should think it his duty in an English pulpit to lift up his voice against the fallen Church of England, and the knights and burgesses who sat under him might feel no tenderness for its fallen Primate, then languishing in the Tower; but some, at least, of those who listened to him must have seen that the preacher's sternest rebukes were reserved for those who held *“that every one should*

be left to preach, profess, and print, what he liked;” and many a brave English heart must have felt chilled and outraged at hearing that their “one triumph,” lay, not in the Petition of Right, not in arms bravely wielded, and old ties of love and loyalty sternly snapped in defence of freedom, but “in your having called a Church Assembly; in your frequent and continual fastings and humiliation; in your entering into a solemn league with God for obtaining mercy.” The sermon throughout, like others of the class, proves beyond dispute that the Scot and the Englishman drew their swords with different aims, and, good man as he was, Mr. Henderson showed little of the wisdom of the serpent in continually addressing his hearers as repentant Prelatists, whose only hope lay in the instant and entire acceptance of northern Calvinism. But so it was always. Never for one moment could the “Scotch Commissioners” divest themselves of their local and narrow aims, or abate one jot of the *jus divinum* of Presbyterianism. The repression and punishment of sectaries, the enforcement of the Covenant, the paramount claims of a godly ministry to “discern and repel unworthy communicants,” were urged by the Presbyterian divines with a tenacity and vehemence which are now amusing, but were then formidable. The statesmanship of Vane and Whitelocke was strained to the utmost, and the sword of Cromwell finally cut the knot: but not till many a stalwart Englishman, fighting fiercely and sorrowfully for civil and religious freedom, had felt in the bitterness of his heart that Presbyter was but “old print writ large;” that his new allies were forging for him heavier chains than his old masters had dared to impose on him. No allowance was made by the triumphant army of preachers for ancient usages or national customs. Mr. Henderson was preaching on Wednesday, the 27th of December: the great festival of the previous Monday had been ostentatiously disregarded: the Members who now fasted and listened to a recital of their shortcomings, had celebrated it by a long day's sitting at Westminster. But the times were gloomy, and earnest men might well feel that, with the sword of domestic strife unsheathed, Christmas festivities might well be foregone. But there must have been many a silent protest against the spirit which drew no nobler lesson from the sorrows of the year that had seen Falkland and

Hampden laid in bloody graves, than such as this :—

"God hath called this land to mourning and fasting, as we profess this day, and I pray God that the unseasonable keeping of this festivity, which God hath not commanded, be not more prevalent for evil, than the humiliation of this day for good ; and yet, the keeping of this day of humiliation in such a time of festivity is a presage that by the blessing of God upon the proceedings of the Honorable Houses of Parliament and Assembly, this *superstition will shortly expire, and is now at its last gasp.*"

Truly a strange Christmas sermon : one that makes the gloom of that gloomy winter seem black and palpable at a distance of two centuries, and the only sentence in those grim pages that can be read with a smile, is the following curious argument for what has since been called the "Divine Right of Insurrection :"—

"When David numbered the people, and the people were punished, they were punished for their own sins, both their former sins, and their *present sin in consenting to the numbering of the people* : had they been all unwilling as Joab was, and had not consented, they had not been punished. *Kings should not be permitted to commit such public sins, but Council, Parliament, People, and every one according to his place and power, should hinder them.*"

The charitable reader may suspect the preacher of indulging in a grim irony, when he recognizes a single-handed Hampden in the son of Zeruiah : but the whole tone of the sermon is in the strain of the reproving angel rebuking Israel at Bochim ; and a very cursory study of this discourse, and many like it which fell on the ears of the much-enduring Long Parliament for many a weary month, will account for the fierce feud which soon followed between Presbyterian and Independent ; for the bitter feeling against the new "classic hierarchy," which was provoked by the division of England, like a conquered country, into Presbyterian districts ; for the final rupture and bloody consummation at Dunbar.

Side by side with this sermon, over which we have lingered longer than its intrinsic dullness deserves, comes one preached in far kindlier spirit, by Edmund Calamy. Its date is six months earlier, and its occasion was "the discovery of a dangerous, desperate, and bloody design," commonly called the

Waller Plot, in honor of the poet whose abject submission saved him from being hanged before his own door, with his partners, Jenkins and Challoner. The allusions to public events are few, and the sermon, though characteristic both of the author and his school, might be passed over here, but for the sad event recorded in its conclusion. The author tells us in the margin that, as he was transcribing the last page for the press, news reached him of Mr. Hampden's death. He had just written down the following quaint "encouragement :"—

"A million cyphers stand for nothing, unless a figure be joined to them. All men and devils are cyphers without God. The devil cannot get beyond his tether—

when the news came that the wound received on the 18th had proved fatal on the 24th of June.

"Yet (he adds) God permits the enemy to exercise great cruelty on his own people, and to take away the lives of his choicest servants : Witness the noble Lord Brooke, and now but lately that worthy gentleman, Mr. Hampden. . . . It is said of King Josiah, that he should go to his grave in peace, yet he died in battle. Blessed is the man that breathes out his last breath in doing God service. He that dies fighting the Lord's battles dies a martyr. An excellent thing for a minister to die preaching, and a soldier to die fighting. It is but winking with the eyes (as the martyr said), and we are presently in Heaven."

Doubtless there were many funeral sermons preached in London that week ; but the patriot leader could scarcely have been mourned in simpler and nobler language. We add a few lines for the sake of Edge-hill, and the Midsummer panic at London. "God hath delivered us from the bear and the lion, from the Spanish navy in '88, and since from the gunpowder plot, from civil wars between Scotland and England." A few years more and Calamy's friend, Richard Baxter, will see the soldiers whom he followed from Naseby field to the west, turn their forces northward, and march against the "Lord's people."

"And when there was a design to bring the army up against London, God did then deliver us. And when we were in the valley of the Red Horse near Edge-hill, where the enemy thought to have cast us down the hill, as the Jews would have served Christ ; God did then deliver us."

Though the Chaplains, Baxter tells us, were no more seen for awhile.

Very different is the termination of the next sermon. More than a month had passed since Hampden's death. The strife had grown more bitter, and men's minds harder and fiercer. The Ironsides had charged at Marston Moor, and the brave Yorkshiremen had fallen like corn before the reaper, while Rupert was chasing and plundering the flying Scot. But Essex had returned within the last few days from his disastrous campaign in the west, and London received him with something of the spirit with which Rome greeted Varro. His gallant soldiers, abandoned by their chief, were marching home with staves in their hands, under their beloved Skippon: happier than the survivors of Cannæ, they soon faced the foe at Newbury, and with one fierce rush recovered their lost cannon, and kissed their iron lips with tears of joy. But we are leaving the pulpit for the camp, and the reader must give his attention to Thomas Case, preacher at Milk-street, whose audience to-day (September 10, 1644) is the court-martial lately appointed to sit on delinquents at Guidehall. The text is ominous: "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed;" and the comment is of the grimest. Hear him and tremble, ye who have to face that court:—

"The second case wherein God would have judges show no mercy, is where the ground of the quarrel is laid on irreconcilable principles of enmity against true religion. *Those mine enemies that would not have me reign over them, bring them hither and slay them before me.* Those that rise up in cursed practices to change religion, to bring in idolatry and false worship, . . . to depose Christ from his throne, and set up Antichrist in his place, . . . such a generation Christ hath doomed to execution. *Those mine enemies, &c.*"

And then comes a page of quotations from the Jewish law, forbidding to spare the idolater, which, says he, Christ, in the words above, hath turned into *Gospel language*. Alas for the Gospel of the Prince of Peace!

One cannot read even this short passage without seeing that Laud's day was at hand; he had been brought before the Lords in the March previous; but England had half-forgotten, if not half-forgiven, the feeble old man, who had long ceased to mutilate Puritan lawyers, and worry and ruin Puritan di-

vines. But there were those in London then, as this sermon testifies, who could neither pity nor forgive: and after long delays the old man, with his once sour spirit sweetened and purified by suffering, was brought forth, and preached his last sermon on Tower Hill, on January 10. He died peacefully and calmly, the founder and proto-martyr of a great and powerful Church party. There is a terrible earnestness in Mr. Case's peroration: he has just extracted a *Gospel sense* (*i. e.*, a cry for blood) from a peaceful passage in Obadiah, and he ends thus:—

"And the means whereby God will accomplish this deliverance and salvation, is by raising up saviours, chosen men, fitted for the purpose, to *execute judgment and vengeance upon the Edomites*. . . . Now, the Lord grant to you that are called to sit and judge in this honorable council of war, that by a *thorough execution of justice upon these cursed Edomites*, you may be the saviours of England; and the kingdom, yea, these three kingdoms, may be the Lord's. Amen."

So little did the preacher at Milk-street and his zealous disciples—so little did good men on either side, understand the meaning of His words who said "ye know not of what manner of spirit ye are"—so little had they leant the great truth, that the Christian man's Edomites and Ammonites lie in his own bosom: not in the ranks of his brother Christians, whose views of Episcopal succession or "parity of ministers" may clash with his own.

If, however, Mr. Case shares to the very full the intolerance of his age and party, if the broader views of Cromwell or Milton or Vane would have found no favor in his sight, it is fair to remember that this sermon stands almost alone as containing a plea for prisoners, and as perhaps the earliest appeal for reformatory discipline. Those who are familiar with George Fox's journal and its ghastly revelations of the "lock-up" and prison of the time, will welcome this gleam of light amidst the surrounding darkness. If in one page he dares to utter the grewsome sentence, "I hope you will not be less active in avenging blood than your enemies have been in spilling it," in another he uses words oftener heard in a milder age: "It is a sad complaint that, for want of instruction, they come to be more wicked in these places than when they came in. The house of correction will make them fit for the jail, and the jail

for hell . . . be ye therefore merciful, as your Father in heaven is merciful." There is something that would have tasked a Shakspeare to portray in this extraordinary combination of opposite and discordant principles, this grotesque jumble of law and Gospel, this strange concord of Christ and Belial. But it is eminently characteristic of the English Puritan and the Scotch Calvinist of the time: it is nowhere brought out so clearly as in the sermons of their divines; and he who deals with it flippantly and hastily will lose the key to the sometimes mysterious epic of that mighty struggle.

This, however, is a subject which would soon lead us beyond our present limits. The reader has perhaps had enough of the "drum ecclesiastic" of the London pulpit. We will however, before we part, introduce him to a very different circle of thought and language—to an assize sermon preached at Northampton in the spring of 1627. The preacher is Dr. Sybthorpe, vicar of Brackley in the year 1627. The sermon is one which made no small stir from being regarded, and justly so, as a manifesto of the principles on which the Government of England was henceforth to be conducted. Its unqualified assertion of arbitrary despotism as the only form of Government consistent with the worship of the true God, proved too much for the digestion even of Archbishop Abbott. He refused to license it, and repeated the refusal after the MS. had been revised by Laud. Laud was already looking to the see of Canterbury, and was high in the favor of "my very dear Lord the Duke of Buckingham;" Abbott had long been under a cloud for his "calamitous accident" at Lord Zouch's park in Hampshire, where, pointing his bow at a deer, he had slain a keeper; and the king now ventured to suspend him from his functions and order him to retire to Canterbury.

But it was a gloomy time for others than archbishops. Scarce two years had passed since Charles mounted his father's throne. "*Sol occubuit, nox nulla secuta est*," said the courtiers; but the shouts which hailed his accession had long since died into ominous murmurs, and the breach between King and people was growing daily wider. Buckingham, in defiance of all that was sober or respectable, or even decent, was retained as virtual ruler of England, and the star of Laud was rising fast above the horizon. The peers

had been irritated by ill-judged violations of their privileges. Wentworth and Elliott led a fierce opposition in the Commons, and Parliament—"this great, warm, ruffling Parliament," as Whitelocke calls it—had been dissolved to save the favorite from impeachment. County members brought home to their constituents printed copies of a remonstrance which the dissolution alone had prevented them from voting, and events showed that the worst must be looked for. The storm soon broke: aids, benevolences, loans, letters of privy seal, every evil precedent which the perverse ingenuity of Noy could discover among dusty parchments, every high-handed claim which the mightiest of the Plantagenets had solemnly relinquished, were eagerly pressed into the service of the Court. Tonnage and poundage were exacted by Order in Council, soldiers billeted on refractory townsmen, London called on to provide ships as though the Spanish Armada were once more off the Isle of Wight, high and low were torn from their homes to the Marshalsea or the Gatehouse; and Sybthorpe and Mainwaring, and every courtier who could accept their creed were giving England good reason to know that if Solomon was in his grave, Rehoboam and his Council were exchanging whips for scorpions.

Let us cull a few flowers only from our Northamptonshire divine. His sermon bears the innocent though ominous title of "Apostolic obedience." We need scarcely say that a very few sentences conduct us to St. Paul's time-honored words, "the powers that be are ordained of God." Readers familiar with the controversies of the time will guess what follows. An ordinary Englishman might imagine that an ancient senate and an hereditary nobility might hold some place among the powers that be; but we need scarcely say that there is no such application here. From first to last we are transported from English ground to the land of Abraham—from the seventeenth century far back into the mist of ages. Every assertion from Holy Writ of the power of oriental monarchs is claimed as establishing the rights of an English sovereign. The King is put forward as the one law-maker on the strength of a passage in Ecclesiastes; as the master of his subjects' lives, on that of a verse in the Book of Proverbs ("the wrath of the King is the messenger of death"); as entitled not only

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to the Crown domains which Ezekiel is supposed to assign him, but to a full and free right to levy "taxes on immovables," "imposts upon merchandize," "tythes upon land," and even "poll-tax," on the joint authority of St. James, St. Matthew, and Bucanus. The argument, not very strong, we may suppose, on its own merits, positively reels and staggers beneath a load of authorities piled upon it, no doubt, by the industry of its reviser. This "other Gospel" of English freedom is attested by Aquinas, Paræus, Cyril, *Bathsheba*, Peter Martyr, Cyprian, Calvin, Polycarp, Ambrose, St. Bernard, and a hundred others. Ancient fathers, Spanish kings, Jewish prophets, are pressed alike into the service of a Royal Stuart; and on their authority the doctrine is announced, repeated, and enforced in every possible form, that by the law of God, the law of nature, and the law of nations, kings have absolute and entire control over the lives, purses, and liberties of their subjects; that even when obedience to the King's commands is contrary to the law of God or physically impossible, "yet subjects are bound to undergo the penalty without resistance or railing or reviling."

It is noticeable that but for a single allusion to Cranmer, and another to Bacon, not one English authority is produced. There is not a single precedent from English law or English history, not the slightest reference to the native land of the family in whose behalf these vast demands were made upon a proud nation, with the exception of a marginal notice of "Buchanan's factious discourse and rebellious positions." It was reserved for the standard historian and philosopher of the next century, who neither feared the law nor regarded the Gospel, to complete the argument by the assertion of the identity between the constitution of his country and the Government of Turkey—by portraying to his countrymen their ancestor of the seventeenth century as an hereditary bondsman who, in an access of gloomy fanaticism, had burst his chains and murdered an indulgent master.

But what the preacher says, and what he omits to say, are alike in keeping with his creed. Every year that the Stuart family reigned in England revealed in clearer light that between them and the nation there yawned a widening gulf. Charles II., as he pocketed his French pension, was not more dead to national honor than James I. and his

son were alien to every tradition of English law and freedom. Mary Stuart, a captive in an English prison, might be excused for speaking of herself as the "absolute sovereign" of Scotland. Nursed in a foreign court, she could not but feel as an alien and a stranger to the land from whose seething surface she had been so rudely flung. But her spirit lived in her children, and James and Charles turned their backs as resolutely on English history and English law, and fixed their eyes as steadily on the alien despotisms of France and Spain, as if the royal standard had been the one rallying point against popular insurrection or feudal anarchy. The result was that momentous struggle on whose result hung something more precious than even the priceless jewel of English freedom.

Strange indeed to the modern student is the effect of reading these assertions,—assertions made in the name of all that is sacred and revered, of the supremacy of a king's will over law and charters. Then these doctrines sent a fire over the land: they tore up old landmarks and severed old ties. Now we read them, as men recall the last words of the pilot before he ran his argosy on the breakers; yet they were once the cherished creed of men who could die for their faith better than they could argue, and we listen to them with something of the interest that attaches to the ballads of an expiring race, or with the feelings with which we gaze on the pale, sad, yet kingly features on the canvas of Vandyke.

As for the men of Northampton, we can but guess their feelings. Doubtless they cared little for the doctor's phalanx of authorities. But we know that, when at last the Royal standard had been hoisted at Nottingham, their town became at once the head quarters of the army of Essex; and in three more years, on one rainy Wednesday in June, 1645, we find Fairfax marching, with the army of the new model, "from Stony Stratford to Wotton, within three miles of Northampton."

"We found there* (says one who marched with him) none of the best accommodation. But what was wanting in that way was kindly and respectfully endeavored to be supplied by the mayor and magistrates of Northampton, who the same night came to the General at the head-quarters, upon the errand of a congratulatory visit and present. The next day we marched to Gilsborough, . . . and on

* Sprigg's *Anglia Rediviva*.

the 13th, about six of the clock in the morning, a council of war was called, . . . in the midst of the debate came in Lieutenant General Cromwell, out of the association (i.e. from the Eastern Counties), with six hundred horse and dragoons, who was with the greatest joy received by the General and the whole army. Instantly orders were given for drums to beat," &c.

And the next day, June 14th, was fought the Battle of Naseby, and another chapter of that great history begins.

We know not whether we have succeeded in winning our readers' attention to these mutilated fragments of bygone sermons. We can assure him—and we write not as leisurely students, but as busy men who read by snatches—that none who know English history only through the volumes of standard historians, can guess the untold treasures of information and delight which the age of Cranmer, of Shakspeare, or of Milton, yields to him who will read it in its own light,—in the letters, records, laws, the pamphlets, songs, and sermons of the time. He who

has once saturated himself, so to speak, with the memories of any of the nobler epochs of the life of England, will feel himself forevermore doubly and trebly an Englishman. Such memories will ennoble and idealize a stately pedigree: they will more than fill the place of ancestral honors and an historic lineage. They will "hang a new association" about the roaring street, the dull country town, the sleepy hamlet, the isolated farm-house, as well as on the crumbling castle and the Norman cathedral. They will make the names that crowd the pages of Hume like the pale, bloodless ghosts that pressed around Ulysses, become beings of flesh and blood, speaking to us in manly voice across the void, familiar to us as the features of fathers to their children, and cheering us to face the future hopeful and trustfully. So will history fulfil one of the noblest of her functions, that of stealing fire

"From the fountains of the past,
To glorify the present."

G. G. B.

LONGFELLOW'S PRISCILLA—HER NAME.—The distress occasioned among the readers of Longfellow's new poem, "The Courtship of Miles Standish," in consequence of the announcement that the fair heroine "Priscilla" was a Mullins, will possibly be alleviated (says the Evening Post,) by the following extracts from Bradford's History of Plymouth Plantation, which make it appear that Molines and not Mullins is the true surname of the Puritan maiden. Bradford, however, is capricious in his orthography, adopting the different spellings—"Mullines, Molines, or Mollines";

Among "the names of those which came over first, in ye year 1620" was—

"Captain Myles Standish, and Rose his wife."

"Mr. William Mullines, and his wife, and two children, Joseph and Priscila; and a servant Robert Carter." . . .

"John Alden was hired for a cooper, at South-Hampton, where the ship victuald; and, being a hopfull young man, was much desired, but left to his owne liking to go or stay when he came here; but he stayed and maryed here."

After the list, Bradford adds:

"I have thought it not unworthy my paines to take a view of the decreasings and increasings of these persons, and such changs as hath passed over them and theirs, in this thirty years.

It may be of some use to such as come after; but, however, I shall rest in my owne benefite. . . .

"Captain Standish, his wife dyed in the first sickness, and he married again, and hath 4 sones liveing and some are dead." . . .

"Mr. Molines, and his wife, his sone and his servant, dyed the first winter. Only his daughter Priscilla survived, and married with John Alden, who are both living and have 11 children. And their eldest daughter is married and hath five children." . . .

"John Alden married with Priscila, Mr. Molines his daughter, and has issue by her, as is before related."

THE MIND OF CHILDHOOD.—Is not the mind of childhood the tenderest, holiest thing this side heaven? Is it not to be approached with gentleness, with love,—yes, with a heart-worship of the great God from whom, in almost angel-innocence it has proceeded? A creature undefiled by the taint of the world, unweaved by its injustice, unwearied by its hollow pleasures. A being fresh from the source of light, with something of its universal lustre in it. If childhood be this, how holy the duty to see that, in its onward growth, it shall be no other! To stand as a watcher at the temple, lest any unclean thing should enter it.—*Serrol*

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From The Press.

THE MORTARA CASE.

THIS case, which has created so profound a sensation abroad, and given rise to such violent controversy in the journals of the Continent, has been hitherto so little noticed here, save in the foreign correspondence of our newspapers, that it may be desirable, before giving our own view of this last aggression of the Papal Church, to state shortly, for the information of our readers, the circumstances as they occurred. The son of some Jewish people at Bologna, aged six years, has been forcibly taken from his parents on the pretence that two years previously—that is, at the age of four—he had been subjected to the rite of lay baptism by his nurse. The child has been placed in an Institution called the Refuge of Catechumens, and is still forcibly withheld from his Parents under the express sanction of the Pope, who has been appealed to, on the ground that by the Canon Law he has become a subject of the Church into which he has been fraudulently baptized.

This monstrous outrage on all usage, on all fundamental principles of law, and upon those universal rights of man which it ought to be the first object of all law to establish and to uphold, has excited, we are glad to observe, the strongest and most unfeigned indignation among the greater portion even of the Members of the Roman Church. The *Constitutionnel*, the *Journal des Débats*, and the *Nord* have animadverted in the most earnest manner upon the scandalous conduct of the Papal Priesthood, and urgent appeals have been made to the French Government to interfere in the matter. Of their right, of our right, of the right of every member of the family of European nations to use their influence by representation to have this grievous wrong redressed, there cannot, we apprehend, be the slightest doubt, if not in the mere interest of Mortara, a Jewish citizen in the Papal States, at all events in the interests of humanity at large. It is a right of the same character as that by which we use our influence to protect the children of Africa from slavery and the subjects of the King of Naples from subjection to the treatment of wild beasts. Much as we pity and feel for the parents of this unfortunate little victim of Papal greed and despotism, the interests of the family are absorbed in the greater question of the interests of humanity, and of the necessity that all Europe should make a stand against this new attempt of the revived Inquisition to assert the immunity of their order and of their system from the control of natural and civil law.

It is to be regretted that some of our foreign contemporaries have suffered themselves

to be in a considerable degree led away from the true issue by the false issues which have been raised by the *Univers* and other advocates of the Ultramontane doctrine, with regard to the enactments of the Canon Law, and the powers conferred by it. The defence that has been put forward is of a twofold character. It is asserted, firstly: that this little boy of six years of age is in a perfect state of beatitude; that in reply to an appeal from his father praying him to return to his home on the ground that the Commandments enjoin him to honor his father and mother, he said, "The Pope knows the Commandments better than you, and I will do what the Pope tells me;" that he desires earnestly to convert his father and mother, a task to which the Weeping Virgin, whose statue is over the door of this prison-house for infants, has miraculously made him quite equal; and finally, that he is a remarkable instance of special grace, and that his abduction has been forcibly effected in order to secure to him that perfect liberty of conscience to be found only in perfection within the pale of the Papal Church. Those are the arguments in support of the violence derived from the alleged condition and wishes of the Boy himself. We shall not trouble ourselves to inquire into the truth of these allegations or the soundness of these arguments, as they are put forward merely to lead opponents into by-paths of controversy that can lead to no end.

The real issue that is raised by this act of the Inquisition, and upon which the *Univers* on its behalf, before it was aware of the strength and universality of the feeling against it in the first instance, took its stand, is the preëminence and supremacy of Ecclesiastical Law and Ecclesiastical Authority whenever the Church and State are in presence together, and whenever Civil and Canon Law are in antagonism. That is the issue which Rome is bent on trying now, and which she will continue to try with that continuity of policy and perseverance of action in which no other Power, save Russia, has ever equalled her. She tried it here in England in 1851, when She parcelled out the dominion of Queen Victoria into territorial principalities. She tried it in Sardinia upon the question of marriage. She tried it in Austria upon the question raised by the Concordat. She tried it in Ireland upon the occasion of the progress through the Kingdom of one of her Temporal Princes, by proclaiming, through the marked and designed omission of the Queen's health on a great public occasion, the supremacy of the Pope and his authority, and She is trying it now in the face of Europe by the violent abduction of this Boy, and by the reëstablishment in Germany of those Ecclesiastical Councils which the Emperor Joseph II. so

wisely abolished and interdicted. In the first attempts She has failed ignominiously. Her territorial Bishops are myths, her Cardinal-Prince is a laughing-stock. In Austria alone she has met with success. It remains to be seen whether the Emperor of the French, by the aid alone of whose soldiery the Pope sits in the Chair of St. Peter, will permit all law, natural, human, and Divine, to be set aside and overridden by an organization of despotic Priests seeking irresponsible *temporal power*. We have italicized the last words because we desire especially to impress upon the minds of our readers the great and important fact that these aggressions have every one of them been as a temporal, not of a spiritual character, and that in every one of them the object has been the acquisition of purely temporal despotism, of undisputed and irresponsible control over the political ordinances, the social life, and the private property of all men in all countries.

The affair of the Jew boy Mortara is assuming considerable gravity. The French Government has represented, in very serious terms, to the Pope that it is absolutely impossible that, in the middle of the nineteenth century, the Roman Catholic Church can be allowed to kidnap an Israelite child, baptize him, and shut him up in a convent away from his parents. But his Holiness has answered the famous *Non Possumus*—"Such is the law of the Church, and I cannot, dare not, will not alter it!" The French Government has been deeply hurt at this response, and is now pressing on the Pope to reconsider it. In the meantime, the affair is creating a profound sensation in France. Public opinion pronounces decisively and indignantly against the conduct of the Papal See. The Ultramontane party, however, defends that conduct with all its usual violence. As the matter stands, it is not easy to see what will be the issue. The Pope cannot, evidently, give up the child without rendering the canon subservient to the civil law, and without in the eyes of fanatical Catholics, abandoning a soul to perdition; but the indignation of the French, and it may be added of all civilized Europe, will never let the little creature remain in the Papal clutches. It is seriously recommended by many eminent personages that the French Government shall make its troops at Rome rescue the child by force.

FOR many years no continental sovereign was more familiarly known to the people of this country than Frederic William, or, we may add, more generally respected by them. He was dear to us as the godfather of the heir to the British Crown, nor was the respectability of his private character lost upon a serious and Protestant community. It was known,

too, that he was a patron of arts and literature, and himself an accomplished scholar. He was not only the patron, but the friend of Humboldt, and indeed of all who distinguished themselves in the pursuit of science. In addition to all this, he was believed to a liberal-minded sovereign, a warm supporter of constitutional liberty, and a true friend to the healthy progress of his subjects. And it was so. Unhappily, however, there was another side to the picture. Frederic William had rather a taste for the good and beautiful than any settled convictions or political faith. His faith at least, was not that of a martyr, or such as to enable him to withstand any very trying ordeal. In the hour of trial he was found wanting, and the people in their disappointment imagined they were betrayed. Such was not really the case. A creature of impulse, he was sincere for the moment, whatever might be cause he took up; but his strength was unequal to his intentions. *Impar congressus Achilli*, he succumbed to the iron will of the late Emperor Nicholas, and when once that yoke was fixed, in vain were his feeble struggles to shake it off. From the moment he fell under the influence of Russia his power was gone in the great family of nations. Prussia was no longer regarded save as a satellite of the Muscovite empire, and her place in Europe became as a vacant stall of the Garter in St. George's Chapel at Windsor. Now, however, there is hope of better things. Unless fame be at fault, the Prince of Prussia is of all men the best fitted to restore his country to her proper position in the councils of the civilized world. Her geographical position renders her the keystone of the political structure of Europe, and her brave, moral, and intelligent people are worthy to be treated with the highest consideration. It is for the Prince of Prussia to command the respect of the great empires that surround him on all sides, by his modest firmness and independent bearing. It may rest with him to preserve the peace of Europe, or to light up a fire that shall consume her ancient monarchies. He will have no easy task, at first, to keep up the middle course between a subservient and a defiant demeanor. Both extremes will be alike fatal. If he attach himself to any one of his powerful neighbors, Prussia will soon cease to be looked upon in any other light than a worn-out and powerless dependency. On the other hand, if he listen to those who loudly proclaim that Prussia is the sword of Germany, he may learn, when too late, that they who live by the sword shall perish by the weapon they were too ready to draw. But we augur better things from a Prince esteemed so truly brave, so wise, and so experienced.—*The Press*.

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W. Blake del.

A. L. Dukes sc.

Death's Door.

No far a Night, a long and moonless Night,
We make the Grave our bed, and then are gone!

THE LIVING AGE

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